

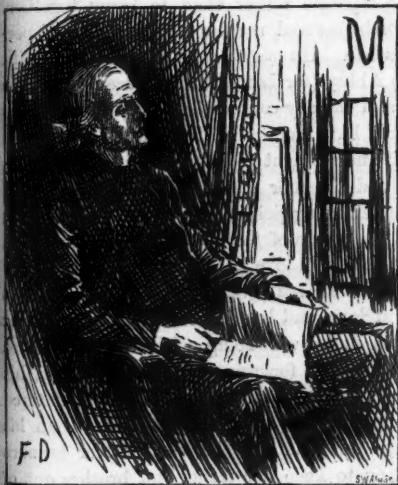
THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

Within the Precincts.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A CHANCE FOR LAW.



R. ASHFORD, the Minor Canon, had, any one would have supposed, as tranquil yet as pleasantly occupied a life as a man could have. He had not very much of a clergyman's work to do. There was no need for him to harass himself about the poor, who are generally a burden upon the shoulders or hung about the neck of the parish priest; he was free from that weight which he had found himself unable to bear. He had only the morning and evening prayers to think of, very rarely even a sermon.

Most clergymen like that part of their duties; they like to have it in their power to instruct, to edify, or even to torture the community in general, with perfect safety from any reprisals; but Ernest Ashford in that, as in many other things, was an exception to the general rule in his profession. He was not fond of sermons, and consequently it was a very

happy thing for him that so few were required of him. He was now and then tormented by his pupils, which brought his life within the ordinary conditions of humanity; otherwise, with his daily duty in the beautiful Abbey, which was a delight to him, and the leisure of his afternoons and evenings, and the landscape that lay under his window, and the antique grace of his little house, and all his books, no existence could have been more unruffled and happy. He was as far lifted above those painful problems of common life which he could not solve, and which had weighed upon him like personal burdens in the beginning of his career, as his window was above the lovely sweep of country at the foot of the hill. What had he to do but sing Handel, to read and to muse, and to be content? These were the natural conditions of his life.

But it would appear that these conditions are not fit for perverse humanity; for few indeed are the persons so happily exempt from ordinary troubles who do not take advantage of every opportunity to drag themselves into the arena and struggle like their neighbours. Mr. Ashford did this in what may be called the most wanton and unprovoked way. What business had he to take any interest in Lottie Despard? She was out of his sphere; the Abbey stood between them, a substantial obstacle; and many things a great deal more important—social differences, circumstances that tended to separate rather than to bring together. And it was not even in the orthodox and regular way that he had permitted this girl to trouble his life. He might have fallen in love with her, seeing her so often in the Abbey (for Lottie's looks were remarkable enough to attract any man), and nobody could have found fault. It is true, a great many people would have found fault, in all likelihood people who had nothing to do with it and no right to interfere, but who would, as a matter of course, have pitied the poor man who had been beguiled, and indignantly denounced the designing girl; but no one would have had any right to interfere. As a clergyman of the Church of England Mr. Ashford had absolute freedom to fall in love if he pleased, and to marry if he pleased, and nobody would have dared to say a word. But he had not done this: he had not fallen in love, and he did not think of marriage; but being himself too tranquil in his well-being, without family cares or anxieties, perhaps out of the very forlornness of his happiness, his attention had been fixed—was it upon the first person he had encountered in the midst of a moral struggle harder, and therefore nobler, than his own quiescent state? Perhaps this was all. He could never be sure whether it was the girl fighting to keep her father and brother out of the mire, fighting with them to make them as honest and brave as herself, or whether it was simply Lottie that interested him. Possibly it was better not to enter into this question. She was the most interesting person within his range. His brethren the Canons, Minor and Major, were respectable or dignified clergymen, very much like the rest of the profession. Within the Abbey precincts there was nobody with any par-

ticular claim upon the sympathy of his fellows, or whose moral position demanded special interest. The Uxbridges were anxious about their son, who was a careless boy, not any better than Law; but then the father and mother were quite enough to support that anxiety, and kept it to themselves as much as possible. It was not a matter of life and death, as in Law's case, who had neither father nor mother to care what became of him, but only Lottie—a creature who herself ought to have been cared for and removed far from all such anxieties. Even the deficiency in Lottie's character—the pain with which she was brought to see that she must herself adopt the profession which was within her reach, and come out from the shelter of home and the menial work with which she was contented, to earn money and make an independence for herself—had given her a warmer hold upon the spectator, who, finding himself unable to struggle against the world and himself, had withdrawn from that combat, yet never could quite pardon himself for having withdrawn. She, poor child, could not withdraw; she was compelled to confront the thing she hated by sheer force of necessity, and had done so—compelled, indeed, but only as those who can are compelled. Would she have fled from the contemplation of want and pain as he had done? Would she have allowed herself incapable to bear the consequences of the duty set before her, whatever it might be? Sometimes Mr. Ashford would ask himself this question: though what could be more ridiculous than the idea that a girl of twenty could judge better than a man of five-and-thirty? But he was interested in her by very reason of her possession of qualities which he did not possess. He had given her good advice, and she had taken it; but even while he gave it and pressed it upon her he had been thinking what would she have said to his problems, how would she have decided for him? All this increased his interest in Lottie. He realised, almost more strongly than she did herself, all the new difficulties that surrounded her; he divined her love, which pained him not less than the other troublous circumstances in her lot, since he could not imagine it possible that any good could come out of such a connection. That Rollo Ridsdale would marry any one but an heiress his superior knowledge of the world forced him to doubt; he could not believe in a real honest love, ending in marriage, between the Chevalier's daughter and Lady Caroline's nephew. And accordingly this, which seemed to Lottie to turn her doubtful future into a certainty of happiness, seemed to Mr. Ashford the worst of all the dangers in her lot. It would be no amusement for her, as it would be for the other; and what was to become of the girl with her father's wife in possession of her home and such a lover in possession of her heart? His spectatorship got almost more than he could bear by times; nobody seemed to see as he did, and he was the last person in the world who could interfere to save her. Could any one save her? He could not tell; he knew no one who would take the office upon himself; but least of all could he do it. He watched with interest which had grown into the

profoundest anxiety—an anxiety which in its turn was increased tenfold by the sense that there was nothing which he could do.

Such were the feelings in his mind when the Signor joined him on his homeward way after service on the afternoon when Mrs. Daventry had so interrupted Lottie's lesson. Augusta had sailed up the aisle and out by the door in the cloisters which adjoined the Deanery, as they came out of the room where all the surplices were hanging in their old presses, and where the clergy robed themselves. The two men came out when the rustle and flutter of the party of ladies were still in the air, and old Wykeham looking after them with cynical criticism. The hassocks in the aisles, which had been placed there for the convenience of the overflowing congregations, too great for the Abbey choir, which crowded every corner now and then, were all driven about like boats at sea by the passage of these billows of trailing silk, and Wykeham had stooped to put them back into their places. Stooping did not suit the old man, and he could not do without his natural growl. "I wish they'd stick to 'em," he said; "plenty of dirt sticks to 'em. They sweeps up the aisles and saves us trouble; but I'd just like one o' them heavy hassocks to stick."

"And so should I," said the Signor under his breath. "They are insufferable," he said with vehemence as he emerged into the cloister. "I have made up my mind I shall not allow any intrusion again."

"Who are insufferable, and what is the intrusion you are going to prevent?" said the Minor Canon with a smile.

"Ashford," said the Signor with much heat, "I am not going to have you come any more to Miss Despard's lessons. Don't say anything to me on the subject; I know all about interest and so forth, but I can't permit it. It's ruin to her, and it irritates me beyond bearing. Interest? if you took any real interest in her you would see that nothing could be less for her welfare, nothing more destructive of any chances she may have——"

"My dear Rossinetti, I never was present at Miss Despard's lesson but once."

"It was once too much, then," the Signor cried. "The girl is getting ruined. That woman, that Mrs. Daventry—you should have heard her whispering behind backs with her fan in front of her face, then stopping a moment to say, 'What a pretty song: how much you have improved.'"

The Signor made an attempt to mimic Augusta, but he had no talent that way, and the mincing tone to which he gave utterance was like nothing that had ever been heard before. But if his imitation was bad his disgust was quite genuine. He could not think of anything else; he returned again and again to the subject as they went on.

"The upper classes," he said, "are famous for good manners. This is their good manners: Two of them thrust themselves in for their amusement to a place where a poor girl is working hard at art, and a man

who has spent most of his life in learning is trying to transmit his knowledge to her. And the moment that girl begins singing *they* begin their loathsome chatter about Mr. this and My Lady that. Do not say anything to me, Ashford; I tell you, you shall not come, you nor any one else, again."

"Is she making progress?" said the Minor Canon.

"Progress? how could she, with that going on? No; sometimes she will sing like an angel, sometimes like—any one. It drives me wild! And then our gracious patrons appear—Mr. Ridsdale (who ought to know better) and Mrs. Daventry. I ought to know better too; I will defend my doors from henceforth. To be sure, I did not mean that; *you* may come if you like."

"And Mr. Ridsdale talked? How did she bear it?" said Mr. Ashford nervously.

"It is I who will not bear it," said the musician. "And these are people who pretend to love music—pretend to know: it is insufferable. If she ever becomes a great singer——"

"If? I thought you had no doubt."

"How was I to know I should be intruded upon like this? Poor girl. I think, after all, the best thing for her will be to marry my boy, John Purcell, and live a quiet life."

"Marry—Purcell?"

"Why not? He is a very good musician; he will live to make a great deal of money: he has genius—positively genius. The best thing she could do would be to marry him. She is too sensitive. Susceptibility belongs to the artist temperament, but then it must be susceptibility within control. Her voice flutters like a flame when the wind is blowing. Sometimes it blows out altogether. And he loves her. She will do best to marry my John."

"You cannot have so little perception, Rossinetti. How can you entertain such an idea for a moment? Purcell?"

"In what is he so inferior?" said the Signor with quiet gravity. "He is young, not like you and me. That is a great deal. He is an excellent musician, and he has a home to offer to her. I should advise it if she would take my advice. It would not harm her in her career to marry a musician, if finally she accepts her career. She has not accepted it yet," said the Signor with a sigh.

"Then all your certainty is coming to nothing," said Mr. Ashford, "and Ridsdale's——"

"Ah, Ridsdale—that is what harms her. Something might be done if he were out of the way. He is an influence that is too much for me. Either she has heard of his new opera, and expects to have her place secured in it, under his patronage, or else she hopes—something else." The Signor kept his eyes fixed upon his companion. He wanted to surprise Mr. Ashford's opinion without giving his own.

"Do you think," said the Minor Canon indignantly, "even with the

little you know of her, that she is a girl to calculate upon having a place secured to her, or upon any one's patronage?"

"Then she hopes for—something else; which is a great deal worse for her happiness," said the Signor. Then there was a pause. They had reached Mr. Ashford's door, but he did not ask his companion to go in. The Signor paused, but he had not ended what he had to say: "With the little I know of her"—he said—"do you know more?"

This was not an easy question to answer. He could not say, I have been watching her for weeks; I know almost all that can be found out; but, serious man as he was, Mr. Ashford was embarrassed. He cleared his throat, and indeed even went through a fit of coughing to gain time. "Her brother is my pupil," he said at last, "and, unfortunately, he likes better to talk than to work. I have heard a great deal about her. I think I know enough to say that she would not hope—anything that she had not been wooed and persuaded to believe in——"

"Then you think—you really suppose—you are so credulous, so optimist, so romantic," cried the Signor with a *crescendo* of tone and gesticulation—"you think that a man of the world, a man of society, with no money, would marry—for love?"

The musician broke into a short laugh. "You should have heard them," he added after a dramatic pause, "this very day whispering, chuchotéing, in my room while she was singing—talking—oh, don't you know what about? About girls who marry rich men while (they say) their hearts are breaking for poor ones—about women using the most shameless arts to entrap a rich man, and even playing devotion to a woman with money; and the only one to be really pitied of all is the poor fellow who has followed his heart, who is poor, who lives at Kew, and has two babies in a perambulator. I laugh at him myself," said the Signor—"the fool, to give up his club and society because he took it into his silly head to love!"

"Rossinetti," said the Minor Canon, "I know there are quantities of these wretched stories about; but human nature is human nature, after all, not the pitiful thing they make it out. I don't believe they are true."

"What! after all the newspapers—the new branch of literature that has sprung from them?" cried the Signor. Then he paused again and subsided. "I am of your opinion," he said. "The fire would come down from heaven if it was true; but *they* believe it: that is the curious thing. You and I, we are not in society; we are charitable; we say human nature never was so bad as that; but they believe it. Rollo Ridsdale would be ashamed to behave like a man, as you and I would feel ourselves forced to behave, as my boy John is burning to do."

"You and I." The Minor Canon scarcely knew how it was that he repeated these words; they caught his ear and dropped from his lips before he was aware.

The Signor looked at him with a smile which was half satire and

a little bit sympathy. He said, "That is what you are coming to, Ashford. I see it in your eye."

"You are speaking—folly," said Mr. Ashford; then he added hastily, "I have got one of my boys coming. I must go in."

"Good-day," said the other with his dark smile. He had penetrated the secret thoughts that had not as yet taken any definite form in his friend's breast. Sometimes another eye sees more clearly than our own what is coming uppermost in our minds—or at least its owner believes so. The Signor was all the more likely to be right in this, that he had no belief in the calm sentiment of "interest" as actuating a man not yet too old for warmer feelings, in respect to a woman. He smiled sardonically at Platonic affection—as most people indeed do, unless the case is their own. He knew but one natural conclusion in such circumstances, and settled that it would be so without more ado. And such reasoning is sure in the majority of cases to be right, or to help to make itself right by the mere suggestion. To be sure he took an "interest"—a great interest—in Lottie himself; but that was in the way of art.

Mr. Ashford had no boy coming that he knew of when he said this to escape from the Signor; but, as sometimes happens, the expedient justified itself, and he had scarcely seated himself in his study when some one came up the oak staircase two or three steps at a time, and knocked at his door. In answer to the "Come in," which was said with some impatience—for the Minor Canon had a great deal to think about, and had just decided to subject himself to a cross-examination—who should open the door but Law—Law, without any book under his arm, and with a countenance much more awake and alive than on the occasions when he carried that sign of study. "Can I speak to you?" Law said, casting a glance round the room to see that no one else was there. He came in half suspicious, but with serious meaning on his face. Then he came and placed himself in the chair which stood between Mr. Ashford's writing-table and his bookcases. "I want to ask your advice," he said.

"Well; I have done nothing else but give you my advice for some time past, Law."

"Yes—to work—I know. You have given me a great deal of that sort of advice. What good is it, Mr. Ashford? I've gone on week after week, and what will it ever come to? Well, I know what you are going to say. I work, but I don't work. I don't care a bit about it. I haven't got my heart in it. It is quite true. But you can't change your disposition; you can't change your nature."

"Stop a little, Law. So far as work is concerned you often can, if you will——"

"Ah, but there's the rub," said Law, looking his Mentor in the face. "I don't want to—that is the simple fact. I don't feel that I've the least desire to. I feel as if I won't even when I know I ought. I think it's more honest now at last to tell you the real truth."

"I think I knew it pretty well some time ago," said the Minor Canon

with a smile. "It is a very common complaint. Even that can be got over with an effort. Indeed, I am glad you have found it out. Perhaps even, you know, it is not your brain at all but your will that is at fault."

"Mr. Ashford," said Law solemnly, "what is the good of talking? You know and I know that I never could make anything of it if I were to work, as we call it, till I was fifty. I never could pass any examination. They would be fools indeed if they let me in. I am no real good for anything like that. You know it well enough; why shouldn't you say it? Here are you and me alone—nobody to overhear us, nobody to be vexed. What is the use of going on in the old way? I shall never do any good. You know it just as well as I."

"Law," said Mr. Ashford, "I will not contradict you. I believe you are right. If there was any other way of making your living I should say you were right. Books are not your natural tools; but they open the door to everything. The forest service, the telegraph service—all that sort of thing would suit you."

At this point Law got up with excitement, and began walking up and down the room. "That is all very well," he said. "Mr. Ashford, what is the use of deceiving ourselves? I shall never get into any of these. I've come to ask your advice once for all. I give up the books; I could only waste more time, and I've wasted too much already. It has come to this: I'll emigrate or I'll 'list. I don't see how I'm to do that even, for I've no money—not enough to take me to London, let alone Australia. Why shouldn't I do the other? It's good enough; if there was a war it would be good enough. Even garrison duty I shouldn't mind. It wouldn't hurt *my* pride," the lad said with a sudden flush of colour that belied his words; "and I might go away from here, so that it would not hurt *her*. That's all, Mr. Ashford," he said with suppressed feeling. "Only *her*—she's the only one that cares; and if I went away from here she would never know."

"Has anything happened to drive you to a decision at once? Is there anything new—anything—?"

"There is always something new," said Law. "That woman has been to—to the only place I ever cared to go—to shut the door against me. They were her own friends too—at least people as good as—a great deal better than she. She has been there to bully them on my account, to say they are not to have me. Do you think I'll stand that? What has she to do with me?"

"It must be a great deal worse for your sister, Law."

"Well, isn't that what I say? Do you think I can stand by and see Lottie bullied? Once she drove her out of the house. By Jove, if Lottie hadn't come home I'd have killed her. I shouldn't have stopped to think; I should have killed her," said Law, whose own wrong had made him desperate. "Do you think I can stand by and see Lottie bullied by that woman? She's brought it partly upon herself. She was too hard in the house with her management both upon the governor and me.

She meant it well, but she was too hard. But still she's Lottie, and I can't see her put upon. Do you think I am made of stone," cried Law indignantly, "or something worse than stone?"

"But if you were in Australia what better would she be? There you would certainly be of no use to her."

Law was momentarily staggered, but he recovered himself. "She would know I was doing for myself," he said, "which might mean something for her, too, in time. I might send for her. At least," said the lad, "she would not have me on her hands; she would only have herself to think of; and if she got on in her singing—the fact is, I can't stand it, and one way or other I must get away."

"What would you do if you were in Australia, Law?"

"Hang it all!" said the young man, tears of vexation and despite starting to his eyes, "a fellow must be good for something somewhere. You can't be useless all round; I'm strong enough. And here's one thing I've found out," Law added with a laugh: "it doesn't go against your pride to do things in the Colonies which you durstn't do here. You can do—whatever you *can* do out there. It doesn't matter being a gentleman. A gentleman can drive a cart or carry a load in Australia. That is the kind of place for me. I'd do whatever turned up."

Said Mr. Ashford suddenly, "I know a man out there—" and then he paused. "Law, what would your sister do? There would be no one to stand by her. Even you, you have not much in your power, but you are always some one. You can give her a little sympathy. Even to feel that there are two of you must be something."

"Mr. Ashford," said Law, "you will do her more good than I should. What have I been to poor Lottie? Only a trouble. Two of us—no; I can't take even that to myself. I've worried her more than anything else. She would be the first to thank you. You know a man—?"

"I know a man," said the Minor Canon—"I had forgotten him till now—a man who owes me a good turn; and I think he would pay it. If I were sure you would really do your best, and not forget the claims she has upon your kindness——"

"Would you like me to send for her as soon as I had a home for her?" Law asked with fervour. There was a subdued twinkle in his eye, but yet he was too much in earnest not to be ready to make any promise.

"That would be the right thing to do," said the Minor Canon with excessive gravity, "though perhaps the bush is not exactly the kind of place to suit her. If you will promise to do your very best——"

"I will," said the lad, "I will. I am desperate otherwise; you can see for yourself, Mr. Ashford. Give me only an opening; give me anything that I can work at. If I were to 'list I never should make much money by that. There's only just this one thing," said Law: "If I had a friend to go to, and a chance of employment, and would promise to pay it back, I suppose I might get a loan somewhere—a loan on good interest," he

continued, growing anxious and a little breathless—"perhaps from one of those societies, or some old money-lender, or something—to take me out?"

The Minor Canon laughed. "If this is what you are really set upon, and you will do your best," he said, "I will see your father, and you need not trouble your mind about the interest. Perhaps we shall be able to manage that."

"Oh, Mr. Ashford, what a good fellow you are! what a good friend you are!" cried Law, beaming with happiness. The tears once more came into his eyes, and then there came a glow of suppressed malice and fun behind that moisture. "Lottie will be more obliged even than I," he said; "and I could send for her as soon as I got settled out there."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOTTIE RESENTFUL.

LOTTIE was sadly disheartened by the events of that day. She came home alike depressed and indignant, her heart and her pride equally wounded. She had scarcely seen Rollo for the two intervening days, and the meeting at the Signor's had appeared to her before it came a piece of happiness which was certain, and with which no one could interfere. He would resist all attempts to wile him away for that afternoon, she was sure; he would not disappoint her and take all her inspiration from her again. Since that last meeting under the elm-tree she had been more full of happy confidence in him than ever. His readiness and eagerness to take her away at once, overcoming, as she thought, all the scruples and prejudices of his class, in order to secure deliverance for her, had filled her mind with that soft glow of gratitude which it is so sweet to feel to those we love. The elation and buoyant sense of happiness in her mind had floated her over all the lesser evils in her path. What did they matter, what did anything matter, in comparison? She was magnanimous, tolerant, ready to believe the best, unready to be offended, because of this private solace of happiness in her bosom, but all the more for those undoubting certainties she had felt the contrast of the actual scene. She did not even think that Rollo might be innocent of his cousin's visit, or that he knew nothing of her coming till he had walked unawares into the snare. Lottie did not know this. She saw him by Augusta's side, talking to her and listening to her. She was conscious through all her being of the rustle of whispering behind her, which went on in spite of her singing. She would not look at him to see what piteous apologies he was making with his eyes, and when Mrs. O'Shaughnessy in sudden wrath dragged her away Lottie was glad of the sudden exit, the little demonstration of offence and independence of which she herself might have failed to take

the initiative. She went home tingling with the wound, her nerves excited, her mind irritated. She would not go to meet him, as he had asked her. She went home instead, avoiding everybody, and shut herself up in her own room. She was discouraged too and deeply annoyed with herself, because in the presence of the unkindly critic who had been listening to her, Lottie felt she had not done well. Generally her only care, her only thought, was to please Rollo; but that day she would have wished for the inspiring power that now and then came upon her, as when she had sung in the Abbey not knowing of his presence. She would have liked to sing like that, overawing Augusta and her whispering; but she had not done so. She had failed while that semi-friend who was her enemy looked on. She felt, with a subtle certainty beyond all need of proof, that Augusta was her enemy. Augusta had at once suspected, though Rollo had said that she would never suspect; and she wanted to make her cousin see how little Lottie was his equal, how even in her best gifts she was nothing. It was bitter to Lottie to think that she had done all she could to prove Augusta right. Why was it that she could not sing then, as, two or three times in her life, she had felt able to sing, confounding all who had been unfavourable to her? Lottie chafed at the failure she had made. She was angry with herself, and this made her more angry both with Augusta and with him. In the heat of her self-resentment she began to sing over her music softly to herself, noting where she had failed. Had the Signor been within hearing how he would have rejoiced over that self-instruction. Her friends had been so much mortified that it opened her eyes to her own faults. She saw where she had been wrong. There is no such stimulant of excellence as the sense of having done badly. Lottie's art education advanced under the sting of this failure as it had never done before. She threw herself into it with fervour. As she ran over the notes she seemed to hear the "sibilant s's" behind her, pursuing her, and the chance words she had caught. "Like him—she did not care a straw for him." "The old lady made it all up," "and the settlements were astonishing." That and a great deal more Lottie's jealous ears had picked up, almost against her will, and the words goaded her on like so many pricks. She thought she never could suffer it to be possible that Augusta or any other fine lady should do less than listen when she sang again.

While Lottie sat there cold in the wintry twilight (yet warm with injured pride and mortification) till there was scarcely light enough to see, humming over her music, Rollo, getting himself with difficulty free of his cousin and all the visitors and commotion of the Deanery, rushed up to the elm-tree, and spent a very uncomfortable moment there, waiting in the cold, and wondering if it was possible that she would not come. It did not occur to him that Lottie, always so acquiescent and persuadable, could stand out now, especially as he was not really to blame. He stood about under the elm, now and then taking a little walk up and down to keep himself warm, watching the light steal out of the wide landscap

and everything darken round him, for half an hour and more. No one was there; not an old Chevalier ventured upon a turn in the dark, not a pair of lovers confronted the north wind. Rollo shivered, though he was more warmly clad than Lottie would have been. He walked up and down with an impatience that helped to keep him warm, though with dismay that neutralised that livelier feeling. He had no desire to lose his love in this way. It might be foolish to imperil his comfort, his position, his very living, for her, but yet now at least Rollo had no intention of throwing her away. He knew why she sang badly that afternoon, and instead of alarming him this knowledge brought a smile upon his face. Augusta had behaved like a woman without a heart, and Lottie was no tame girl to bear whatever any one pleased, but a creature full of fire and spirit, not to be crushed by a fashionable persecutor. Rollo felt it hard that he should wait in the cold, and be disappointed after all; but he was not angry with Lottie. She had a right to be displeased. He was all the more anxious not to lose her, not to let her get free from him, that she had thus asserted herself. His love, which had been a little blown about by those fashionable gales that had been blowing round him, blazed up all the hotter for this temporary restraint put upon it. She who had trusted him with such an exquisite trust only the other evening, who had not in her innocence seen anything but devotion in the sudden proposal into which (he persuaded himself) only passion could have hurried him—her first rebellion against him tightened the ties that bound him to her. Give her up! it would be giving up heaven, throwing away the sweetest thing in his life. He was cold, but his heart burned as he paced his little round, facing the north wind and listening for every rustling sound among the withered leaves that lay around him, thinking it might be her step. The darkness, and the chill, and the solitude all seemed to show him more clearly how sweet the intercourse had been which had made him unconscious of either darkness or cold before. Augusta repeating her endless monotonous stories of universal guile and selfishness had made him half ashamed of his best feelings. He was ashamed now of her and her influence, ashamed of having been made her tool for the humiliation of his love. What a difference there was between them! Was there any one else in the world so tender, so pure, so exquisite in her love and trust, as Lottie, the creature whose sensitive heart he had been made to wound? When at last, discouraged and penitent, he turned homeward, Rollo had the intention trembling in his mind of making Lottie the most complete amends for everything that had ever been done to harm her. He paused at the gates of the cloister, and looked across at the light in her window with a yearning which surprised him. He seemed to have a thousand things to say to her, and to be but half a being when he had not her to confide in, to tell all his affairs to—although he had never told her one of his affairs. This fact did not seem to affect his longing. He went so far as to walk across the Dean's Walk, to see what he thought was her shadow on the

blind. It was not Lottie's shadow, but Polly's, who had taken her place; but this the lover did not know.

Meanwhile Lottie had been disturbed in her seclusion by a sharp knock at her door. "Do you mean to stay there all night, miss?" cried Polly's sharp voice. "You might pay me the compliment to keep me company now and again as long as you stay in my house. If you think it is civil to stay there, shut up in your room, and me all alone in the drawing-room, I don't. I can't think where your hearts is, you two," Polly went on, a whimper breaking into the tone of offence with which she spoke. "To see one as is not much older than yourself, and never did you no harm, and not a soul to keep her company. Was it for that I give up all my own folks, to come and sit dressed up in a corner because I'm Mrs. Despard, and never see a soul?"

Lottie had opened her door before this speech was half done. She said with a little alarm, "Please don't speak so loud. We need not let the maid in the kitchen know."

"Do you think I care for the maid in the kitchen? She's my servant. I'll make her know her place. Never one of them sort of folks takes any freedom with me. I have always been known for one as allowed no freedoms—no, nor no followers, nor perquisites, nor nothing of the kind. They soon find out as I ain't one to be turned round their finger. Now you," said Polly, leading the way into the little drawing-room, "you're one of the soft sort. I dare say they did what they liked with you?"

"I don't think so," said Lottie, following. She put her music softly down upon the old piano, which Polly had swathed in a cover, and the changed aspect of the room moved her half to laughter, half to anger and dismay.

"There are few as knows themselves," said Polly. "That girl, that Mary as you had, I couldn't have put up with her for a day. Some folks never sees when things is huggermugger, but I'm very particular. Your Pa—dear, good, easy man—I dare say he's put up with a deal; but to be sure no better was to be expected, for you never had no training, I suppose?"

Lottie was almost too much taken by surprise to reply—she, who had felt that if there was one thing in the world she could do it was house keeping! The confusion that is produced in the mind by the sudden perception of another's opinion of us which is diametrically opposed to our own seized her; otherwise she would have been roused to instant wrath. This, which was something so entirely opposite to what she could have expected, raised only a kind of ludicrous bewilderment in her mind. "I—don't know what you mean," said Lottie. "Papa has not very much money to give for house keeping. Perhaps you are making a mistake."

"Oh, it is likely that I should make a mistake! Do you think I don't know my own husband's income? Do you think," said Polly with scorn, "that he has any secrets from me?"

Lottie was cold with her imprisonment in her fireless room. She drew her little chair to the blazing fire and sat down by the side. Polly had placed herself in the largest chair in the room, directly in front of it. The fire was heaped up in the little grate, and blazed, being largely supplied. It was very comfortable, but it went against the rules of the economy which Lottie had strenuously prescribed to herself. "Papa spends a great deal of money himself," she said; "you will find that you must be very sparing at home."

"My dear," said Polly in a tone of condescending patronage which brought the colour to Lottie's face, "I am not one as can be sparing at home. Pinching ain't my way. I couldn't do it, not if I was to be made a countess for it. Some folks can scrape and cut down and look after everything, but it ain't my nature. What I like is a free hand. Plenty to eat and plenty to drink, and no stinting nowhere—that's what will always be the law in my house."

Lottie made no reply. She felt that it was almost a failure from her duty to put out her hands to the warmth of the too beautiful fire. Some one would have to suffer for it. Her mind began to run over her own budget of ways and means, to try, as had been her old habit, where she could find something to cut off to make up for the extravagance. "These coals burn very fast," she said at last. "They are not a thrifty kind. I used to have the——"

"I know," said Polly, "you used to have slates and think it was economy—poor child!—but the best for me: the best is always the cheapest in the end. If any one thinks as I will put up with seconds, either coals or bread!—but since we're on the subject of money," continued Polly, "I'll tell you my mind, miss, and I don't mean it unfriendly. The thing as eats up my husband's money, it ain't a bright fire or a good dinner, as is his right to have; it's your brother Law, miss, and you."

"You have told me that before," Lottie said, with a strenuous effort at self-control.

"And I'll tell it you again—and again—till it has its effect," cried Polly: "it's true. I don't mean to be unfriendly. I wonder how you can live upon your Pa at your age. Why, long before I was your age I was doing for myself. My Pa was very respectable, and everybody belonging to us; but do you think I'd have stayed at home and eat up what the old folks had for themselves? They'd have kept me and welcome, but I wouldn't hear of it. And do you mean to say," said Polly, folding her arms and fixing her eyes upon her step-daughter, "as you think yourself better than me?"

Lottie returned the stare with glowing eyes, her lips falling apart from very wonder. She gave a kind of gasp of bewilderment, but made no reply.

"I don't suppose as you'll say so," said Polly; "and why shouldn't you think of your family as I did of mine? You mightn't be able to work as I did, but there's always things you could do to save your Pa a little

money. There's lessons. There's nothing ungenteel in lessons. I am not one as would be hard upon a girl just starting in the world. You've got your room here, that don't cost you nothing; and what's a daily governess's work? Nothing to speak of—two or three hours' teaching (or you might as well call it playing), and your dinner with the children, and mostly with the lady of the house—and all the comforts of 'ome after, just as if you wasn't out in the world at all; a deal different from sitting at your needle, working, working, as I've done, from morning to night."

"But I don't know anything," said Lottie. "I almost think you are quite right. Perhaps it is all true; it doesn't matter nowadays, and ladies ought to work as well as men. But—I don't know anything." A half-smile came over her face. Notwithstanding that she was angry with Rollo, still—he who would have carried her away on the spot rather than that she should bear the shadow of a humiliation at home—was it likely——? Lottie's mind suddenly leaped out of its anger and resentment with a sudden rebound. He did not deserve that she should be so angry with him. Was it his fault? and in forgiving him her temper and her heart got suddenly right again, and all was well. She even woke to a little amusement in the consciousness that Polly was advising her for her good. The extravagant coals, the extravagant meals, would soon bring their own punishment; and though Lottie could not quite free herself from irritation on these points, yet she was amused by the thought of all this good advice.

"That's nonsense," said Polly promptly. "Now here's a way you could begin at once, and it would be practice for you, and it would show at least that you was willing. I've been very careless," she said, getting up from her chair and opening the old piano. She had to push off the cover first, and the noise and commotion of this complicated movement filled Lottie with alarm. "I've done as a many young ladies do before they see how silly it is. I've left off my music. You mayn't believe it, but it's true. I can't tell even if I know my notes," said Polly, jauntily but clumsily placing her hands upon the keyboard and letting one finger fall heavily here and there like a hammer. "I don't remember a bit. It's just like a great silly, isn't it? But you never think when you are young, when your head's full of your young man and all that sort of thing. It's when you've settled down, and got married, and have time to think, that you find it out."

Polly was a great deal less careful of her language as she became accustomed to her new surroundings. She was fully herself by this time, and at her ease. She sat down before the piano and ran her finger along the notes. "It's scandalous," she said. "We're taught when we're young, and then we think no more of it. Now, miss, if you was willing to do something for your living, if you was really well disposed and wanted to make a return, you might just look up some of your old lesson-books and begin with me. I'd soon pick up," said Polly, making a run of sound up and down the keys with the back of her fingers, and

thinking it beautiful; "it would come back to me in two or three lessons. You needn't explain nothing about it; we might just say as we were learning some duets together. It would all come back to me if you would take a little trouble; and I shouldn't forget it. I never forget it when any one's of use to me."

"But," cried Lottie, who had been vainly endeavouring to break in, "I cannot play."

"Cannot play!" Polly turned round upon the piano-stool with a countenance of horror. Even to turn round upon that stool was something delightful to her, like a lady in a book, like one of the heroines in the *Family Herald*; but this intimation chilled the current of her blood.

"No—only two or three little things, and that chiefly by ear. I never learned as I ought. I hated it; and I was scarcely ever taught, only by—some one who did not know much," said Lottie with a compunction in her mind. Only by some one who did not know much—This was her mother, poor soul, whom Polly had replaced. Lottie's heart swelled as she spoke. Poor, kind, silly mamma! she had not known very much; but it seemed cruel to allow it in the presence of her supplanter.

"Goodness—gracious—me!" said Polly. She said each word separately, as if she were telling beads. She cast at Lottie a glance of sovereign contempt. "You to set up for being a lady," she cried, "and can't *play the piano*! I never heard of such a thing in all my born days."

If she had claimed not to be able to work, Polly could have understood it; but if there is a badge of ladyhood, or even a pretence at ladyhood, in the world, is it not this? She was horrified; it felt like a coming down in the world even to Polly herself.

Again Lottie did not make any reply. She was simple enough to be half ashamed of herself and half angry at the criticism which for the first time touched her; for it was a fact that she was ignorant, and a shameful fact. She could not defend, but she would not excuse herself. As for Polly, there was in her a mingling of triumph and regret.

"I am surprised," she said. "I thought one who pretended to be a lady ought at least to know that much. And you ought to be a lady, I am sure, if ever any one was, for your Pa is a perfect gentleman. Dear, dear—if you can't play the piano, goodness gracious, what have you been doing all your life? That was the one thing I thought was sure—and you are musical, for I've heard as you could sing. If it's only that you won't take any trouble to oblige," said Polly angrily, "say it out. Oh, it won't be no surprise to me. I've seen it in your face already—say it out!"

"I have told you nothing but the truth," said Lottie. "I am sorry for it. I can sing—a little—but I can't play."

"It's just the same as if you said you could write but couldn't read," said Polly; "but I've always been told as I've a nice voice. It ain't your

loud kind, that you could hear from this to the Abbey, but sweet—at least so folks say. You can teach me to sing if you like," she said, after a pause. "I never learned singing. One will do as well as the other, and easier too."

This was a still more desperate suggestion. Lottie quailed before the task that was offered to her. "I can show you the scales," she said doubtfully; "that is the beginning of everything; but singing is harder to teach than playing. The Signor thinks I don't know anything. They say I have a voice, but that I don't know how to sing."

"The fact is," cried Polly, shutting down the piano with a loud bang and jar which made the whole instrument thrill, and snapped an old attenuated chord which went out of existence with a creak and groan, "the fact is, you don't want to do nothing for me. You don't think me good enough for you. I am only your father's wife, and one as has a claim upon your respect, and deserves to have the best you can do. If it was one of your fine ladies as don't care a brass farthing for you—oh, you'd sing and you'd play the piano safe enough: but you've set your mind against me. I seen it the first day I came here—and since then the life you've led me! Never a civil word—never a pleasant look; yes and no, with never a turn of your head; you think a deal of yourself. And you needn't suppose I care—not I—not one bit; but you shan't stand up to my face and refuse whatever I ask you. You'll have to do what I tell you or you'll have to go."

"I will go," said Lottie in a low voice. She thought of Rollo's sudden proposal, of the good people whom he said he would take her to, of the sudden relief and hope, the peace and ease that were involved. Ought she not to take him at his word? For the moment she thought she would do so. She would let him know that she was ready, ready to go anywhere, only to escape from this. How foolish she had been to be angry with Rollo—he who wanted nothing better than to deliver her at a stroke, to carry her away into happiness. Her heart softened with a great gush of tenderness. She would yield to him; why should she not yield to him? She might think that he ought to marry his wife from her father's house, but he had not seemed to think so. He thought of nothing but to deliver her from this humiliation—and what would it matter to him? a poor Chevalier's house or a poor quiet lodging, what would it matter? She would go. She would do as Rollo said.

"You will go?" cried Polly; "and where will you go? Who have you got to take you in? People ain't so fond of you. A woman as can do nothing for herself, who wants her? and isn't even obliging. Oh, you are going to your room again, to be sulky there? But I tell you I won't have it. You shall sit where the family sits or you shall go out of the place altogether. And you'll come to your meals like other people, and you'll mix with them as is there, and not set up your white face, as if you were better than all the world. You're not so grand as you think

you are, Miss Lottie Despard. If it comes to that I'm a Despard as well as you; and I'm a married woman, with an 'usband to work for me—an 'usband," cried Polly, "as doesn't require to work for me, as has enough to keep me like a lady—if it wasn't that he has a set of lazy grown-up children as won't do nothing for themselves, but eat us out of 'ouse and 'ome!"

Was it possible that this humiliation had come to Lottie—to Lottie of all people—she who had felt that the well-being of the house hung upon her, and that she alone stood between her family and utter downfall? She sat still, not even attempting now to escape, her ears tingling, her heart beating. It was incredible that it was she, her very self, Lottie, who was bearing this. It must be a dream; it was impossible that it could be true.

And thus Lottie sat the whole of the evening, too proud to withdraw, and bore the brunt of a long series of attacks, which were interrupted, indeed, by the supper, to which Polly had to give some personal care, and by Captain Despard's entrance and Law's. Polly told her story to her husband with indignant vehemence. "I asked her," she said, "to help me a bit with my music—I know you're fond of music, Harry—and I thought we'd learn up some duets or something, her and me, to please you; and she says she can't play the piano! and, then, not to show no offence, I said as singing would do just as well, and then she says she can't sing!" The Captain received this statement with much caressing of his wife and smoothing of her ruffled plumes. He said, "Lottie, another time you'll pay more attention," with a severe aspect; and not even Law had a word to say in her defence. As to Law, indeed, he was very much preoccupied with his own affairs; his eyes were shining, his face full of secret importance and meaning. Lottie saw that he was eager to catch her eye, but she did not understand the telegraphic communications he addressed to her. Nor did she understand him much better when he pulled her sleeve and whispered, "I am going to Australia," when the tedious evening was over. Law's career had fallen out of her thoughts in the troubles of those few weeks past. She had even ceased to ask how he was getting on, or take any interest in his books; she remembered this with a pang when she found herself at last safe in the shelter of her room. She had given up one part of her natural duty when the other was taken from her. Australia! What could he mean? She thought she would question him to-morrow; but to-morrow brought her another series of petty struggles, and once more concentrated her mind upon her own affairs.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LOTTIE SUBDUED.

"I WAITED half an hour. I was not very happy," said Rollo. "It is never cold when you are here, but last night the wind went through and through me. That is the consequence of being alone. And you, my Lottie, had you no compunctions? Could you make yourself happy without any thought of the poor fellow freezing under the elm-tree?"

"Happy!" Lottie cried. She was happy now. Last night she had been alone, no one in the world caring what became of her; now she felt safe, as if the world held nothing but friends; but she shivered, notwithstanding her lover's supporting arm.

"Not happy then? Does it not answer, darling? Can you endure the woman? Is she better than at first? I like her," said Rollo, "for you know it was her arrival which opened your heart to me—which broke the ice—which brought us together. I shall always feel charitably towards her for that."

Lottie shivered again. "No, it is not because of the cold," she said. "I do not suppose you could understand if I were to tell you. Home! I have not any home!" cried the girl. "I was thinking—if it was really true what you said the other night—if it would make no difference to you, Rollo, to take your wife out of some poor little lodging instead of out of her father's house—are you sure you would not mind?" she said, looking wistfully, anxiously into his face. In the waning light all he could see distinctly was this wistful dilation of her eyes, gazing intently to read, before he could utter it, his answer in his face. "I could manage to live somehow," she went on, tremulously. "Though I cannot give lessons, I can work, very well. I think I am almost sure I could get work. No; I would not take money from you; I could not, Rollo:—not until—no, no; that would be quite impossible; rather stay here and bear it all than that. But if really, truly, to marry a poor girl, living in a poor little room, working for her bread, would not make any difference to you—. Oh, I know, I know it is not what ought to be—even here, even at home, I am not equal to you. You ought to have some one a great deal better off—a great deal higher in the world. But if you would not think it—discreditable; if you would not be ashamed—oh, Rollo," she cried, "I cannot bear it! it is impossible to bear it!—I would ask you to do what you offered and take me away!"

It is impossible to describe the feelings with which Rollo listened to these unexpected words. To see a bird walk into the snare must awake compunctions in the most experienced trapper. The same sensation does not attend a sudden fall; but the sight of an innocent creature going calmly into the death set before it, as if into safety and shelter—a man must be hard indeed to see that unmoved. And Rollo was no villain. His heart

gave one wild leap again, as it had done when, in the hurrying of passion, not with deliberation (as he had always been comforted to think), he had laid that snare. The thrill of his hairbreadth escape from her horror and loathing, the leap of sudden, horrified delight to find her in his power all at once, by her own act and deed, transported him for the moment with almost uncontrollable power; and then this sudden passion in his mind was met by the stream, the torrent, of a more generous impulse, a nobler passion, which carried everything before it. A man may trap his prey with guile, he may take advantage of the half-willingness of a frail resistance; but to turn to shame the perfect and tender confidence of innocence, who but a villain could do that? and Rollo was no villain. He grasped her almost convulsively in his arms as she spoke; he tried to interrupt her, the words surging, almost incoherent, to his lips. "Lottie! my Lottie!" he cried, "this is not how it must be. Do you think I will let you go to live alone, to work, as you say?" He took her hand hastily, and kissed the little cold fingers with lips that trembled. "No, my love, my darling, not that—but I will go to town to-morrow and settle how we can be married—at once, without an hour's delay. Oh, yes, it is possible, dear—quite possible. It is the only thing to do. Why, why did I not think of it before? I will go and settle everything, and get the licence. That is the way. My darling, you must not say a word. You had made up your mind to marry me some time, and why not to-morrow—next day—as soon as I can settle? What should we wait for? who should we think of except ourselves? And I want you, my love; and you, thank heaven, Lottie, have need of me."

He held her close to him, in a grasp which was almost fierce—fierce in the strain of virtue and honour, in which his own nature, with all its easy principles and vacillations, was caught too. He wanted to be off and do it at once, without losing a moment, lest his heart should fail. He would do it, whatever might oppose. She should never know that less worthy thoughts had been in his mind. She should find that her trust was not vain. His blood ran in his veins like a tumultuous river, and his heart beat so that Lottie herself was overawed by the commotion as he held her against it. She was half frightened by his vehemence and tried to speak, but he would not let her at first. "No," he said, "no, you must not say anything. You must not oppose me. It must be done first, and then we can think of it after. There is nothing against it, and everything in its favour. You must not say a word but Yes," he cried.

"But, Rollo, Rollo, let me speak. It might be good for me, but would it not be wrong for you? Oh, let me speak! Am I so selfish that I would make you take a sudden resolution, perhaps very foolish, perhaps very imprudent, for my sake? Rollo, Rollo, don't! I will bear anything. It would be wrong for you to do this."

"No; not wrong, but right—not wrong, but right," he cried, bewildering her with his vehemence. Lottie's own heart was stirred, but

not like this. She wondered and was troubled, even in the delight of the thought that everything in the world was as nothing to him in comparison with his love for herself.

"But, Rollo," she cried again, trembling in his grasp, "if this is really possible—if it is not wrong—why should you go to London to do it? It would be quite as easy here——"

"Lottie, you will sacrifice something for me, will you not?" he said. "If it were done here, all would be public; it would be spoken of everywhere; and I want it to be quiet. I have not much money. You will make this sacrifice for me, dear——?"

"Oh," said Lottie, punctuous, "I wish I had said nothing about it; I wish I had not disturbed you with my paltry little troubles. Do not think of them any more. I can bear anything when I know you are thinking of me. It was only yesterday when—when all seemed uncertain, that it seemed more than I could bear."

"And it is more than you ought to bear," he said. "No, I am glad that you told me. We will go away, Lottie—to Italy, to the sunshine, to the country of music, where you will learn best of all—we will go away from the very church door."

And then he told her how it could be done. To-morrow he would go and settle everything. His plans all took form with lightning speed, though he had never thought of them till now. There would be many things to do; but in three days from that time he would meet her in the same place, and tell her all the arrangements he had made:—and the next morning after that ("Saturday is a lucky day," he said) they would go to town, if not together, yet by the same train—and go to the church, where he would have arranged everything. Rollo Ridsdale was an adventurer born. He was used to changing the conditions of his life in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. But it all seemed a dream to Lottie—not one of her usual waking dreams, but a dream of the night, with no possibility in it, which would dissolve into the mists presently and leave nothing but a happy recollection. She acquiesced in everything, being too much taken by surprise to oppose a plan in which he was so vehement.

"May I tell Law?" she asked, always in her dream, not feeling as if there was any reality in the idea she suggested. And he said No at first, but afterwards half relented, and it was agreed that on Friday everything was to be decided, but nothing done till then. Thus, though they had met without a thought that this stolen interview would be more decisive than any other of the same kind, they parted with a decision that concerned their entire lives.

They walked closer together after this, in the safe gloom of the darkness, till they had again reached the door of the cloisters which led to the Deanery. No one was about, and Rollo was full of restless excitement. He would not hear what she said about prudence, and walked across with her to her own door. There was not a creature to be seen up or down;

the lamps flickered in the cold wind, and all the population had gone in to the comfort of warm rooms and blazing fires. He kissed her hand tenderly as he took leave of her.

"Till Friday," he said.

Lottie went in, still in her dream, walking, she thought, in her sleep. She hoped this sleep would last for ever—that it might not be rashly disturbed by waking, or even by that which would be almost as bad as waking—*coming true*. She could scarcely feel that she wanted it to come true; it was enough as it was, a bewildering happiness that tingled to the very ends of her fingers, that made her feel as if she were walking on air. She went softly upstairs, caring for nothing but to get to her room, where, though it was dark and cold, she could still go on with this wonderful vision. That seemed all she wanted. But, alas! something very different was in store for Lottie. As she went with soft steps up the stairs the door of the little drawing-room was suddenly opened, letting out a warm stream of ruddy light. Then a sound of laughter reached her ears, and Polly's voice—

"Come in, come in; we are waiting for you; we are both here," with another gay outburst.

Lottie came to herself, and to all the disagreeable realities of her life, with a start of pain. She had to obey, though nothing could be more disagreeable to her. She went in with dazzled eyes into the room full of firelight. She remembered now that she had remarked outside that no lamp was lighted, and had supposed with relief that Mrs. Despard was out. But Mrs. Despard had not been out. She had been lurking in the ruddy gloom near the window, her husband by her side. They greeted Lottie with another laugh, as she came in with her pale, astonished face within the circle of the fire.

"So that's how you spend your afternoons, miss, as I never could think where you were," cried Polly; "but why didn't you bring in your beau with you? I'd have given him his tea and a nice leg of a goose, as comfortable as could be."

"My child," said the Captain on his side, "I congratulate you. I've been expecting something of this kind for a long time. I've had my eye upon you. But why didn't you bring Mr. Ridsdale in, as Mrs. Despard says?"

Lottie felt as if she had been turned into stone. She stood all dark in her winter dress, the firelight playing upon her, and seeking in vain to catch at some possibility of reflection. She had not even a button that would give back the light. And she had not a word to say.

"Come, come, you need not be so put out," said the Captain, not unkindly. "We saw you coming; and very proper of Mr. Ridsdale not to leave you at the Deanery, but to see you home to your own door. You thought no one was paying any attention—but I hope," Captain Despard added, "that I think more than that of my child. I don't doubt from what I saw, Lottie, that you understand each other; and why hasn't he

come before now to speak to me? You might have known that such a suitor would not be received unfavourably. Happy myself," said the Captain, throwing out his chest, "would I have put any obstacle between you and your happiness, my dear?"

"I did not think—I did not know—I think—you are mistaken," Lottie faltered, not knowing what to say.

"Mistaken, indeed! Oh, we've gone through all that too lately to be mistaken, haven't we, Harry?" cried Mrs. Despard. "We know all about it. You couldn't come to those as would understand you better. Don't be frightened; you haven't been found out in anything wrong. If that was wrong I've a deal to answer for," Polly cried, laughing. "I should think you must be frozen with cold after wandering about on them slopes, or wherever you have been. How foolish young people are, to be sure, getting their deaths of cold. We never were as foolish as that, were we, Harry? Come and warm yourself, you silly girl. You needn't be afraid of him or me."

Amid their laughter, however, Lottie managed to get away, to take off her hat, and to try as best she could to realise this new phase of the situation. What her father had said was very reasonable. Why had not Rollo come, as the Captain said? How that would have simplified everything, made everything legitimate! She sighed, not able to understand her lover, feeling that for once her father was right; but Rollo had said that this could not be, that it would be necessary to keep everything quiet. Her dream of happiness was disturbed. Dreams are better, so much better, than reality. In them there is never any jar with fact and necessity; they can adapt themselves to everything, fit themselves into every new development. But now that she was fully awake it was less easy to steer her way through all the obstacles. Rollo's reluctance to declare himself, and her father's right to know, and the pain of leaving her home in a clandestine way, all rushed upon her, dispersing her happiness to the winds. She had felt that to awake would be to lose the sweetness which had wrapped her about; and now the rude encounter with the world had come, and Lottie felt that even with that prospect of happiness before her it was difficult to bear what she would have to bear;—Polly's innuendoes and, worse still, Polly's sympathy, and the questions of her father appalled her as she looked forward to them. During this strange courtship of hers, so perplexed and mixed up as it was with her music and the "career" which they all, even Rollo, had tried to force upon her (though surely there need be no more of that *now*), and the changes that had taken place at home, Lottie had almost lost herself. She was no longer the high-spirited girl, full of energy and strength, who had reigned over this little house and dragged Law's heavy bulk along through so many difficulties. She had dreamed so much, and taken refuge so completely from the troubles of her position in those dreams, that now she seemed to have lost her own characteristics, and had no vigour to sustain her when she had actual difficulties to face. She tried

to recall herself to herself as she smoothed her hair, which had been blown about by the breeze. From the beginning she had been pained by Rollo's reserve, though she had persuaded herself it was natural enough; but now, in this new, strange revolution of affairs—a revolution caused entirely, she said to herself, by her father's own proceedings—what could she do but stand firm on her own side? She would not betray the great purpose in hand. She would still her own heart, and keep her composure, and not allow any agitation or any irritation to wrest from her the secret which Rollo desired to keep. To smooth her ruffled hair was not generally a long process with Lottie; but it was more difficult to arrange her agitated thoughts, and there had been various calls for her from below, where the others had gone for their evening meal, before she was ready to follow.

Finally Law was sent upstairs with an urgent demand for her presence.

"They've gone to tea," said Law, knocking at her door; and then he added, in a low tone, "Open, Lottie. I want to speak to you. I have got lots to say to you."

She heard him, but she did not attach any meaning to his words. What he said to her on the night before had left no definite impression on her mind. Law had lost his sister, who thought of him above all. In the midst of a pressing crisis in our own individual life, which of us has time to think of others? She was afraid to talk to Law, afraid to betray herself. Love made Lottie selfish and self-absorbed, a consequence just as apt to follow as any other. She was afraid of betraying herself to him; her mind was too full of this wonderful revolution in her own life to be able to take in Law's desire, on his side, not to know about her, but to expound himself. She came out upon him hastily, and brushed past him, saying, "I am ready." She did not think of Law, not even when he followed her, grumbling and murmuring—"I told you I wanted to speak to you." How difficult it is to realise the wants of another when one's heart is full of one's own concerns! Neither brother nor sister had room in their minds for anything but the momentous event in their respective lives which was coming; but Law was aggrieved, for he had always hitherto possessed Lottie's sympathy as a chattel of his own.

Polly and the Captain were seated at table when the two younger members of the family went in, and never had Captain Despard been more dignified or genial. "Lottie, my child, a bit of the breast," he said—"a delicate bit just fit for a lady. I've saved it up for you, though you are late. You are very late; but for once in a way we will make allowances, especially as Mrs. Despard is not offended, but takes your side."

"Oh, I know," said Polly, "I am not one as is hard upon natural feelings. Pride I can't abide, nor stuck-up ways, but when it comes to keeping company——"

"Is any one keeping company with Lottie?" said Law, looking up fiercely; and then the elder pair laughed.

"But, my love, it is not a phrase that is used in good society," the Captain said.

"Oh, bother good society!" said Polly. She was in an exuberant mood, and beyond the influence of that little topdressing of too transparent pretence with which occasionally she attempted to impose upon her stepchildren. Lottie, in whose mind indignation and disgust gradually overcame the previous self-absorption, listened to every word, unable to escape from the chatter she hated, with that keen interest of dislike and impatience which is more entralling than affection; but she scarcely ventured to raise her eyes, and kept herself rigidly on her guard lest any rash word should betray her. It was not till the meal was over that she was brought to actual proof. Then her father detained her as she was about to escape. Law, more impatient than ever with the pressure of his own affairs, which it seemed impossible to find any opportunity of confiding to his sister, had got up at once and gone out. The Captain threw out his chest majestically and waved his hand as Lottie was about to follow.

"My child, I have got something to say to you," he said.

Mrs. Despard was standing by the fire, warming herself with frank ease, with a good ankle well displayed. Lottie, on her way to the door, unwillingly arrested, stood still because she could not help it. But the Captain occupied with majesty his seat at the foot of the table between his wife and his daughter. "My love," he said, with his favourite gesture, throwing back his well-developed shoulders, "I have every faith in my daughter, and Mr. Ridsdale is in every way quite satisfactory. Your family is as good as his, but my Lord Courtland's son is not one to be turned away from any door; and as you have no fortune, Lottie, I should not be exacting as to settlements. I suppose he knows that you have no fortune, my dear?"

"La, Harry!" said Polly from the side of the fire, "how should he think she had a fortune? Fortunes don't grow on every tree. And how do you know as he has got *that* far? A young man may keep company with a girl for long enough, and yet never go as far as *that*."

"You must allow me to know best, my love," said the Captain. "I hope he is not trifling with my girl's affections. If he is he has Harry Despard to deal with, I'd have him to know. By Jove, if I thought *that*!"

"I dare say it's nothing but keeping company," said Polly, holding up her foot to the fire. "Taking a walk together, or a talk; there's nothing wrong in that. She wants her bit of fun as well as other girls. I'm not the one to stand up for Miss Lottie, for it's not what she'd do for me; but if it's only her bit of fun you shouldn't be hard upon her, Harry; if my Pa had hauled me up for that——"

Lottie could not bear it any longer. "Do you wish me to stay," she said, "papa? can you wish me to stay?" The Captain looked from his wife in her easy attitude to his daughter, pale with indignation and horror.

"My love," he said, with mild remonstrance, "there are different ways of speaking in different spheres. Lottie is an only daughter, and has been very carefully brought up. But, my child," the Captain added, turning to Lottie, "you must not be neglected now. I will make it my business to-morrow to see Mr. Ridsdale, to ascertain what his intentions are. Your interests shall not suffer from any carelessness."

"Papa," cried Lottie in despair, "you will not do anything so cruel; you could not treat me so! Wait—only wait—a few days—three or four days!"

Polly was so much interested that she let her dress drop over her ankles and turned round. "Don't you see," she said, "that she feels he's coming to the point without any bother? That's always a deal the best way. It can't do no harm, as I can see, to wait for three or four days."

"By Jove, but it will, though," said Captain Despard with sudden impatience, "all the harm in the world. You'll allow me to understand my own business. It is clearly time for a man to interfere. I shall see Mr. Ridsdale to-morrow, if all the women in the world were to try their skill and hold me back. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Despard; be quiet, Lottie. When a man is a husband and a father he is the best judge of his own duties. It is now my time to interfere."

Polly was really concerned; she had a fellow feeling for the girl whose rights were thus interfered with. "Don't you mind," she said, turning to Lottie with a half audible whisper. "If he's coming to the point himself it won't do no harm, and if he ain't it will give him a push, and let him see what's expected of him. I ain't one for interfering myself, but if you can't help it you must just put up with it; and I don't think, after all, it will do so very much harm."

Now Lottie ought to have been grateful for this well-intentioned and amiable remark, but she was not. On the contrary, her anger rose more wildly against the stranger who thus attempted to console her, than it did against her father, whose sudden resolution was so painful to her. She gave Polly a look of wrath, and, forgetting even civility, darted out of the room and upstairs in vehement resentment. Polly was not so much angry as amazed to the point of consternation. She gasped for the breath which was taken away by Lottie's sudden flight. "Well!" she exclaimed, "that's manners, that is! that's what you call being brought up careful! A young unmarried girl, as is nothing and nobody, rushing out of a room like that before a married lady and her Pa's wife!"

Lottie, however, was in a passion of alarm, which drove everything else out of her head. Of all things that seemed to her most to be avoided, a meeting between her father and Rollo at this crisis was the

worst. She left her room no more that evening, but sat and pondered what she could do to avert the danger. True, without a meeting between them it would be impossible that her love should have its legitimate sanction, and that the beginning of her new life should be honest and straightforward, as it ought. But partly because she had schooled herself to think (by way of excusing Rollo's silence) that a meeting between him and her father would only make him less respectful of the Captain's pretensions and the "family" which Lottie still with forlorn faith believed in, and partly because the visit of a father to ask a lover's "intentions" was perhaps the very last way in which a beginning of intercourse could be agreeably established, it seemed to Lottie that she would do anything in the world to prevent this meeting. With this view she wrote one little note and then another to warn Rollo—writing with cold fingers but a beating heart, hot with anxiety and trouble, upon the corner of her little dressing-table—for there was no room for any other convenience of a table in the small, old-fashioned chamber. But when she had at last achieved a composition of one which seemed to express feebly yet sufficiently what she wanted to say, the question arose, How was it to get to Rollo? She had no one to send. She dared not trust it to Law, for that would involve an explanation, and there was no one else at Lottie's command. A thought of Captain Temple floated across her mind; but how could she employ him upon such an errand, which would involve a still more difficult explanation? At last she burnt regretfully by the flame of her candle the very last of these effusions, and decided that she must trust to the chances of the morrow. She had promised to be at the elm-tree in the morning to bid Rollo good-by. She must manage, then, to get him to go away before matins were over and her father free. But it was with an anxious heart that Lottie, when her candle burned out, crept cold and troubled to bed, chilled to the bone, yet with a brow which burned and throbbed with excitement. Law did not come in till after she had fallen asleep. Law, whom she had watched over so anxiously, was, at this crisis of Lottie's personal history and his own, left entirely to himself.

In the morning she managed to run out immediately after breakfast, just as the air began to vibrate with the Abbey bells, and, after some anxious waiting under the elm, at last, to her great relief, saw Rollo coming. Lottie was not able to disguise her anxiety or her desire for his departure. "Never mind speaking to me," she said. "Do not waste time. Oh, Rollo, forgive me—no, it is not to get rid of you," she cried, and then she told him the incident of last night.

Rollo's eyes gave forth a gleam of disgust when he heard of the chance of being stopped by Captain Despard to inquire his "intentions." He laughed, and Lottie thought instinctively that this was a sound of merriment which she would never wish to hear again. But his face brightened as he turned to Lottie, who was so anxious to save him from this ordeal. "My faithful Lottie!" he said, pressing her close to him. There was

nobody stirring in the winterly morning; but yet day requires more reserve than the early darkness of night.

"But go, go, Rollo. I want you to be gone before they are out of the Abbey," she cried, breathless.

"My dear love—my only love," he said, holding both her hands in his.

"Oh, Rollo, is it not only for a day or two? You are so serious, you frighten me—but go, go, that you may not meet any one," she said.

"Yes, it is only for a day or two, my darling," he replied. "On Friday, my Lottie, at five under this tree. You won't fail me?"

"Never," she said, with her blue eyes full of sweet tears. And then they kissed in the eye of day, all the silent world looking on.

"No," he said, with fervour—"never; you will never fail me; you will always be true."

And so they parted, she watching jealously while he took his way, not by the common road, but down the windings of the slopes, that he might be safe, that no one might annoy him. "Till Friday!" he called to her in the silence, waving his hand as he turned the corner out of her sight. She drew a long breath of relief when she saw him emerge alone farther down upon the road that led to the railway. The Signor was only then beginning the voluntary, and Captain Despard evidently could not ask Rollo Ridsdale his "intentions" that day. Lottie waved her hand to her lover, though he was too far off to see her, and said to herself, "Till Friday," with a sudden realisation of all these words implied—another life, a new heaven and a new earth; love, and tenderness, and worship instead of the careless use and wont of the family; to be first instead of last; to be happy and at rest instead of tormented at everybody's caprice; to be with Rollo, who loved her, always, for ever and ever, with no more risk of losing him or being forgotten. Her heart overflowed with sweetness, her eyes with soft tears of joy. Out of that enchanted land she went back for a little while into common life, but not in any common way. The sunshine, which had been slow to shine, broke out over the Dean's Walk as she emerged from under the shadow of the trees; the path was cleared for her; the music pealed out from the Abbey. Unconsciously her steps fell into a kind of stately movement, keeping time. In her blessedness she moved softly on towards the shadow of the house in which she had now but a few days to live—like a princess walking to her coronation, like a martyr to her agony. Who could tell in which of the two the best similitude lay?

Electric Lighting.

ALTHOUGH we certainly have no reason to complain of the infrequency of attempts in newspapers, &c., as well as in scientific journals, to explain the principles on which electric lighting depends, it does not seem that very clear ideas are entertained on this subject by unscientific persons. Nor is this, perhaps, to be wondered at, when we observe that in nearly all the explanations which have appeared, technical expressions are quite freely used, while those matters about which the general reader especially desires information are passed over as points with which every one is familiar. Now without going quite so far as to say that there is no exaggeration in the picture presented some time back in *Punch*, of one who asked whether the electric fluid was "anything like beer, for instance," we may confidently assert that the very vaguest notions are entertained by nine-tenths of those who hear about the electric light, respecting the nature of electricity. Of course, we are not here referring to the doubts and difficulties of electricians on this subject. It is well known that Faraday, after a life of research into electrical phenomena, said that when he had studied electricity for a few years he thought he understood much, but when he had nearly finished his observational work he found he knew nothing. In the sense in which Faraday spoke the most advanced students of science must admit that they know nothing about electricity. But the greater number of those who read about the electric light are not familiar even with electrical phenomena, as distinguished from the interpretation of such phenomena. We are satisfied that there is no exaggeration in a passage which appeared recently in the "Table Talk" of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, describing an account of the electric light as obtained from some new kind of gas, carried in pipes from central reservoirs, and chiefly differing from common gas in this, that the heat resulting from its consumption melted ordinary burners, so that only burners of carbon or platinum could be safely employed.

We do not propose here to discuss, or even to describe (in the proper sense of the word) the various methods of electric lighting which have been either used or suggested. What we wish to do is to give a simple explanation of the general principles on which illumination by electricity depends, and to consider the advantages which this method of illumination appears to promise or possess.

Novel as the idea of using electricity for illuminating large spaces may appear to many, we have all of us been long familiar with the fact that electricity is capable of replacing the darkness of night by the light

of broad day over areas far larger than those which our electricians hope to illuminate. The lightning flash makes in an instant every object visible on the darkest night, not only in the open air, but in the interior of carefully darkened rooms. Nay, even if the shutters of a room are carefully closed and the room strongly illuminated, the lightning flash can yet be clearly recognised. And it must be remembered that though the suddenness of the flash makes us the more readily perceive it (under such circumstances, for instance), yet its short duration diminishes its apparent intensity. This may appear a contradiction in terms, but is not so in reality. The perception that there has been a sudden lighting up of the sky or of a room, is distinct from the recognition of the actual intensity of the illumination thus momentarily produced. Now it is quite certain that the eye cannot assign less than a twenty-fifth of a second or so to the duration of the lightning flash, for, as Newton long since showed, the retina retains the sensation of light for at least this interval after the light has disappeared. It is equally certain, from Wheatstone's experiments, that the lightning flash does not actually endure for the 100,000th part of a second. Adopting this last number, though it falls far short of the truth—the actual duration being probably less than 1,000,000th of a second—we see that so far as the eye is concerned, an amount of light which was really emitted during the 100,000th part of a second, is by the eye judged to have been emitted during an interval 4,000 times as long. It is certain, then, that the eye's estimate of the intensity of the illumination resulting from a lightning flash is far short of the truth. This is equally true even in those cases where lightning is said to be for awhile continuous. If the flashes for a time succeed each other at less intervals than a twenty-fifth of a second, the illumination will appear continuous. But it is not really so. To be so the flashes should succeed each other at the rate of at least 100,000, and probably of more than 1,000,000 per second.

While the lightning flash shows the brilliancy which the electric illumination can attain, it shows also the intense heat resulting from the electric discharge. This might, indeed, be inferred simply from the brilliancy of the light, since we know that this brilliancy can only be due to the intense heat to which the particles along the track of the electric flash have been raised. But it is shown in a more convincing manner to ordinary apprehension by the effects which the lightning flash produces where—in the common way of speaking—it strikes. The least fusible substances are melted. Effects are produced also which, though at first not seemingly attributable to intense heat, yet in reality can be no otherwise explained. Thus, when the trunk of a tree is torn into fragments by the lightning stroke, though the tree is scorched and blackened, a small amount of heat would account for that particular effect, while the destruction of the tree seems attributable to mechanical causes. It is, indeed, from effects such as these that the idea of the fall of thunderbolts has doubtless had its origin, the notion being that some material

substance has struck the body thus shattered or destroyed. In reality, however, such destructive effects are due entirely to the intense heat excited during the passage of the electricity. Thus in the case of a tree destroyed by lightning, the shattering of boughs and trunk results from the sudden conversion of the moisture of the tree (that is, the moisture present in the substance of the tree) into steam, a change accompanied of course by great and sudden expansion. The tree is as certainly destroyed by the effects of heat as is a boiler which has burst, though in each case the expansive power of steam directly works the mischief.

It is the more useful for our present purpose thus to note at the outset both the illuminating and the heating power of the lightning flash (or rather of the electric discharge), because, as will presently be seen, the electric light, while in all cases depending on intensity of heat, may either be obtained in the form of a series of flashes succeeding each other so quickly as to be to all intents and purposes continuous, or from the incandescence of some suitable substance in the path of the electric current.

Let us now consider briefly the general nature of electrical phenomena, or at least of those electrical phenomena which are related to our present subject.

Formerly, when light was supposed to be a material emanation, and heat was regarded as an actual fluid, electricity was in like manner regarded as some subtle fluid which could be generated or dispersed in various ways. At present, it is safer to speak of electricity as a state or condition of matter. If it were not that some very eminent electricians (and one especially whose eminence as a practical electrician is indisputable) are said to believe still that there is such a thing as an electric fluid, we should have simply asserted that in the present position of scientific research, with the known velocity at which the so-called electric current flows, and the known relations between electricity, heat, and light, the theory of an electric fluid is altogether untenable. It will suffice, under the actual circumstances, to speak simply of electrical properties, without expressing any definite opinion respecting their interpretation.

A certain property, called electricity, is excited in any substance by any cause affecting the condition of the substance, whether that cause be mechanical, chemical, thermal, or otherwise. No change can take place in the physical condition of any body without the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity, although in far the greater number of cases there may be no obvious evidence of the fact, while in many cases no evidence may be obtainable even by the use of the most delicate scientific tests.

We have spoken here of the generation of a greater or less amount of electricity, but in reality it would be more correct to speak simply of a change in the electrical condition of the substance. Electricians speak of positive and negative electricity as though there actually were

two distinct forms of this peculiar property of matter. But it may be questioned whether it would not be more correct to speak of electricity as we do of heat. We might speak of cold as negative heat precisely as electricians give the name of negative electricity to a relative deficiency of what they call positive electricity; but in the case of heat and cold it is found more convenient, and is more correct, to speak of different degrees of one and the same quality. The difficulty in the case of electricity is that at present science has no means of deciding whether positive or negative electricity has in reality the better claim to be regarded as absolute electricity. Making comparison between electrical and thermal relations, the process which we call the generation of positive electricity may in reality involve the dispersion of absolute electricity, and so correspond to cooling, not to heating. In this case the generation of what we call negative electricity would in reality be the positive process. However, it is not necessary to discuss this point, nor can any error arise from the use of the ordinary method of expression, so long as we carefully hold in remembrance that it is only employed for convenience, and must not be regarded as scientifically precise.

Electricity may be excited, as we have said, in many ways. With the ordinary electrical machine it is excited by the friction of a glass disc or cylinder against suitable rubbers of leather and silk. The galvanic battery develops electricity by the chemical action of acid solutions on metal plates. We may speak of the electricity generated by a machine as frictional electricity, and of that generated by a galvanic battery as voltaic electricity; but in reality these are not different kinds of electricity, but one and the same property developed in different ways. So also of what is sometimes called magnetic electricity, of which we shall presently have much to say. It is electricity produced by means of magnets, but is in no respect different from frictional or voltaic electricity. Of course, however, it will be understood that for special purposes one method of producing electricity may be more advantageously used than another. Just as heat produced by burning coal is more convenient for a number of purposes than heat produced by burning wood, though there is no scientific distinction between coal-produced heat and wood-produced heat, so for some purposes voltaic electricity is more convenient than frictional electricity, though there is no real distinction between them.

Every one knows that when by means of an ordinary electrical machine electricity has been generated in sufficient quantity and under suitable conditions to prevent its dispersion, a spark of intense brilliancy and greater or less length, according to the amount of electricity thus collected, can be obtained when some body, not similarly electrified, is brought near to what is called the conductor of the machine. The old-fashioned explanation, still repeated in many of our books, ran somewhat as follows:—‘The positive electricity of the conductor decomposes the neutral or mixed fluid of the body, attracting the negative fluid and

repelling the positive. When the tension of the opposite electricities is great enough to overcome the resistance of the air, they re-combine, the spark resulting from the heat generated in the process of their combination.' This explanation is all very well; but it assumes much that is in reality by no means certain or even likely. All we *know* is that whereas before the spark is seen the electrical conditions of the conductor and the object presented to it were different, they are no longer different after the flashing forth of the spark. It is as though a certain line (straight, crooked, or branched) in the air had formed a channel of communication by which electricity had passed, either from the conductor to the object or from the object to the conductor,—or *possibly* in both directions, two different kinds of electricity existing (before the flash) in the conductor and the object, as the old-fashioned explanation assumes.* Again, we know that the passage of electricity along the air-track, supposing there really is such a passage, but in any case the observed change in the relative electrical conditions of the conductor and the object, is accompanied by the generation of an intense heat along the aërial track where the spark is seen.

In the case of electricity generated by means of a galvanic battery, we do not note the same phenomena unless the battery is a strong one. We have in such a battery a steady source of electricity, but unless the battery is powerful, the electricity is of low intensity, and not competent to produce the most striking phenomena of frictional electricity. For instance, voltaic electricity, as used in telegraphic communication, is far weaker than that obtained from even a small electrical machine. What is called the positive extremity of the battery neither gives a spark, nor attracts light bodies. The same is true of the other, or negative extremity. The difference of the condition of these extremities can only be ascertained by delicate tests—the deflections of the needle, in fact, by which telegraphic communications are made, may in reality be regarded as the indications of a very delicate electroscope.

But when the strength of a galvanic battery is sufficiently great, or, in other words, when the total amount of chemical action brought into

* It is supposed by many that when the spark is long enough we can note the direction in which it travels; and observations of the motion of lightning from the earth to the cloud have been collected, as showing that the usually observed direction of the flash is sometimes reversed. In reality no one has ever seen a lightning flash travel either one way or the other. If the attention is fixed on the storm cloud, as usual when a lightning storm is watched, every flash appears to pass from the cloud to the earth. If, on the contrary, at the moment when the attention is fixed on some terrestrial object the lightning flashes near that particular object, the flash will seem to pass from the object to the cloud. In either case the motion is apparent only. If there is motion at all, the passage of the electric spark occupies less than the 100,000th part of a second, and of course it is utterly impossible that any eye could tell at which end of its track the flash first appeared. In every case the flash seems to travel from the end to which attention was more nearly directed. The apparent motion corresponds to the chance direction of the eye.

play to generate electricity is sufficient, we obtain voltaic electricity not only surpassing in intensity what can be obtained from electrical machines, but capable of producing spark after spark in a succession so rapid (so infinitely rapid one may almost say) that the light is to all intents and purposes continuous.

Without considering the details of the construction of a galvanic battery, which would occupy more space than can here be spared, and even with fullest explanation would scarcely be intelligible (except to those already familiar with the subject), unless illustrations unsuited to these pages were employed, let us consider what we have in the case of every powerful galvanic battery, on whatever system arranged. We have a series of simple batteries, each consisting of two plates of different metal placed in dilute acid. Whereas, in the case of a simple battery, however, the two different metals are connected together by wires to let the electric current pass (the current ceasing to pass when the wires are disconnected), in a compound battery, in which (let us say) the metals are zinc and copper, the zinc of one battery is connected with the copper of the next, the zinc of this with the copper of another, and so on, the wire *to* the copper of the first battery and the wire *from* the zinc of the last battery being free, and forming what are called the poles of the compound battery—the former the positive pole, the latter the negative pole.* When these free wires are connected, the current of electricity passes, when they are disconnected the current ceases to pass, unless the break between them is such only that the electricity can, as it were, force its way across the gap. When the wires are connected, so that the current flows, it is as though there were a channel for some fluid which flowed readily and easily along the channel. When the circuit is absolutely broken, it is as though such a channel were dammed completely across. If, however, while the poles are not connected by copper wires or by other freely conducting substances, yet the gap is such as the electricity can pass over, the case may be compared to the partial interruption of a channel at some spot where, though the fluid which passes freely along the channel is not able to move so freely, it can yet force its way along, with much disturbance and resistance. Just as at such a part of the course of a liquid stream—say a river—we find, instead of the quiet flow observed elsewhere, a great noise and tumult, so where the current of electricity is not able to pass readily we perceive evidence of resistance in the generation of much heat and light (if the resistance is great enough).

It will be observed that we have spoken in the preceding paragraph of the passage of a current along the wire connecting the two poles of a powerful electric battery, or along any substance connecting those poles which possesses the property of being what is called a good conductor of

* The extremity of the wire connected with the metal least affected by the acid solution is called the positive pole, that of the wire connected with the metal most affected by the solution is called the negative pole.

electricity. But the reader is not to assume that there is such a current, or that it is known to flow either from the positive to the negative pole, or from negative to positive pole; or, again, that, as some have suggested, there are two currents which flow simultaneously in opposite directions. We speak conventionally of the current, and for convenience we speak as though some fluid really made its way (when the circuit is complete) from the positive to the negative pole of the compound battery. But the existence of such a current, or of any current at all, is purely hypothetical. We should be disposed, for our part, to believe that the motion is of the nature of wave-motion, with no actual transference of matter, at least when the circuit is complete. According to this view, where resistance takes place we might conceive that the waves are converted into rollers or breakers, according to the nature of the resistance—actual transference of matter taking place through the action of these changed waves, just as waves which have traversed the free surface of ocean without carrying onward whatever matter may be floating on the surface, cast such matter ashore when, by the resistance of the shoaling bottom or of rocks, they become converted either into rollers or into breakers.

We may also notice, with regard to good conductors and bad conductors of electricity, that they may be compared to substances respectively transparent and opaque for light-waves, or again to substances which allow heat to pass freely or the reverse. Just as light-waves fail to illuminate a transparent body, and as heat-waves fail to warm a body which allows them free passage, so electricity-waves (if electricity really is undulatory, as we imagine) fail to affect any substance along which they travel freely. But as light-waves illuminate an opaque substance, and heat-waves raise the temperature of a substance which impedes their progress, so waves of electricity, when their course is impeded, produce effects which are indicated to us by the resulting heat and light.

A powerful galvanic battery is capable of producing light of intense brilliancy. For this purpose, instead of taking sparks between the two metallic poles, each of these is connected with a piece of carbon (which is nearly as good a conductor as the metal), and the sparks are taken between these two pieces of carbon, usually set so that the one connected with the negative pole is virtually above the one connected with the positive pole, and at a distance of a tenth of an inch from each other or more, according to the strength of the battery. Across this gap between the carbons an arc of light is seen, which in reality results from a series of electric sparks following each other in rapid succession. This arc, called the voltaic arc, is brilliant, but it is not from this arc that the chief part of the light comes. The ends of the carbon become intensely bright, being raised to a white heat. Both the positive and negative carbons are fiercely heated, but the positive is heated most. As (ordinarily) both carbons are thus heated in the open air, combustion necessarily takes place, though it is to be noticed that the lustre of the carbons is not due to combustion, and would remain undiminished if

combustion were prevented. The carbons are thus gradually consumed, the positive nearly twice as fast as the negative. If they are left untouched, this process of combustion soon increases the distance between them beyond that which the electricity can pass over. Then the light disappears, the current ceasing to flow. But by bringing the carbon points near to each other (they must, indeed, be made to touch for an instant), the current is made to flow again, and the light is restored.

The following remarks by M. H. Fontaine (translated by Dr. Higga) may help to explain the nature of the voltaic arc:—"In truth the voltaic arc is a portion of the electric circuit possessing the properties of all other parts of the same circuit. The molecules swept away from point to point" (that is, from one carbon end to the other) "constitute between these points a mobile chain, more or less conductive, and more or less heated, according to the intensity of the current and the nature and separation of the electrodes" (that is, the quality and distance apart of the carbon or other substances between which the arc is formed). "These things happen exactly as if the electrodes were united by a metallic wire or carbon rod of small section" (so as to make the resistance to the current great), "which is but saying that the light produced by the voltaic arc and that obtained by incandescence arise from the same cause—that is, the heating of a resisting substance interposed in the circuit."

The intensity of the light from the voltaic arc and the carbon points varies with circumstances, but depends chiefly on the amount of electricity generated by the battery. A fair idea of its brilliancy, as compared with all other lights, will be gained from the following statements:—If we represent the brightness of the sun at noon on a clear day as 1,000, the brightness of lime glowing under the intense heat of the oxyhydrogen flame is about 7; that of the electric light obtained with a battery of 46 elements (Bunsen's) 235. With a battery of 80 elements the brightness is only 238. (These results were obtained in experiments by Fizeau and Foucault). The intensity does not therefore increase much with the number of the component elements after a certain number is passed. But it increases greatly with the surface, for the experimentors found that with a battery of 46 elements, each composed of 3, with their zinc and copper respectively united to form one element of triple surface, the brightness became 385, or more than one-third of the midday brightness of the sun (that is, the apparent intrinsic lustre of his disc's surface), and 55 times the brightness of the oxyhydrogen lime-light.

Another way of obtaining an intense heat and light from the electric current generated by a strong battery is to introduce into the electric circuit a substance of small conducting power, and capable of sustaining an intense heat without disintegration, combustion, or melting. Platinum has been used for this purpose. If the conductive power of copper be represented by 100, that of platinum will be represented by 18 only. Thus the resistance experienced by a current in passing through platinum is relatively so great that if the current is strong the platinum

becomes intensely heated, and shines with a brilliant light. A difficulty arises in using this light practically, from the circumstance that when the strength of the current reaches a certain point, the platinum melts, and, the circuit being thus broken, the light immediately goes out.

The use of galvanic batteries to generate an electric current strong enough for the production of a brilliant light, is open to several objections, especially on the score of expense. It may, indeed, be safely said that if no other way of obtaining currents of sufficient intensity had ever been devised, the electric light would scarcely have been thought of for purposes of general illumination, however useful in special cases. (In the electric lighting of the New Opera House at Paris batteries are used.) The discovery by Oersted that an electric current can make iron magnetic, and the series of discoveries by Faraday, in which the relation between magnetism and electricity was explained, made electric lighting practically possible. One of these shows that if a properly insulated wire coil is rapidly rotated in front of a fixed permanent magnet (or of a set of such magnets), currents will be induced in the coil, which may be made to produce either alternating currents or currents in one direction only, in wire conductors. An instrument for generating electric currents in this way, by rapidly rotating a coil in front of a series of powerful permanent magnets fixed symmetrically around it, is called a magneto-electric machine. Another method, now generally preferred, depends on the rotation of a coil in front of an electro-magnet; that is, of a bar of soft iron (bent in horseshoe form), which can be rendered magnetic by the passage of an electric current through a coil surrounding it. The rapid rotation of the coil in front of the soft iron generates a weak current, because iron always has some traces of magnetism in it, especially if it has once been magnetised. This weak current being caused to traverse the coil surrounding the soft iron increases its magnetism, so that somewhat stronger currents are produced in the revolving coil. These carried round the soft iron still further increase its magnetism, and so still further strengthen the current. In this way coil and magnet act and react on each other, until from the small effects due to the initial slight magnetism of the iron, both coil and the magnet become, so to speak, saturated. Machines constructed on this principle are called dynamo-electric machines, because the generation of electricity depends on the dynamical force employed in rapidly rotating the coils.

We need not consider here the various forms which magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines have received. It is sufficient that the reader should recognise how we obtain electric currents of great intensity in one case from mechanical action and permanent magnetism,* and in the other from mechanical action and the mere residue of magnetism always present in iron.

In the cases here considered it is in reality the sudden presentation

* So called, though in reality the best magnets gradually lose force.

of the coil (twice at each rotation) before the positive and negative poles of the magnet, which induces a momentary but intense current of electricity. The rotation being exceedingly rapid, these currents succeed each other with sufficient rapidity to be appreciably continuous. A similar principle is involved in the use of what is called the inductive coil, except that in this case the sudden beginning and ceasing of a current in one coil (and not magnetic action) induces a momentary but strong current: matters are so arranged that the current induced by the starting of the inducing current, immediately causes this to cease; while the current induced by the cessation of the inducing current immediately causes this current to begin again: so that by a self-acting process we have a constant series of intense induced currents, succeeding each other with great rapidity, so as to be practically continuous, as with those produced by magneto-electric and dynamo-electric machines.

All that we have said about the voltaic arc, the incandescence resulting from resistance to the current's flow, and so forth, in relation to electricity generated by galvanic batteries, applies to electricity generated by induction coils, or by magneto-electric and by dynamo-electric machines. Only it is to be noticed that in some of these machines the currents alternate in direction with each revolution of the swiftly turning coil, in others the currents are always in the same direction, and in yet others the currents may be made to alternate or not, as may be most convenient.

We have now to consider how light suitable for purposes of illumination may be obtained from the electric current. Hitherto we have considered only light such as might be used for special purposes, where a bright and very intense light was required, where, perhaps, expense and complexity of construction might not be open to special objections, and where in general the absolute steadiness of the light was not an essential point. But those who have seen the electric light used even by the most experienced manipulators for the illustration of lectures, will know that the light as so obtained, though of intense brilliancy, is altogether unsuited for purposes of ordinary illumination.

If we consider a few of the methods which have been devised for overcoming the difficulties inherent in the problem of electric lighting, the reader will recognise at once the nature of these difficulties, and the probability of their being effectually overcome in the future, for though much has been done, much yet remains to be done in mastering them.

Let us consider first the Jablochhoff candle, the invention of which brought about, in July 1877, the first great fall in the value of gas property.

The Jablochhoff candle consists of two carbons placed side by side (instead of one above the other in a vertical line). Thus placed, with a slight interval between them, the carbon rods would allow the passage of the electric current at the place of nearest approach, and therefore of least resistance to its passage. A variable and imperfect illumination would result. M. Jablochhoff, however, interposes between the separate car-

bon rods a strip of plaster of Paris, which is a non-conducting material. The upper points of the carbon rods are thus the only parts at which the current can cross. They are connected by a little bridge of carbon, which is necessary for the starting of the light—just as in the case of the ordinary electric light, the two carbons must, in order to start the light, be brought into contact. When the current flows, the small bridge of carbon connecting the two points is presently consumed, but the arc between the points is still maintained: for the plaster becomes vitrified by the intense heat of the two carbon points on each side, and melts down as the carbons are consumed. If the light is in any way put out, however, a small piece of carbon must be set again, to form a bridge between the carbon points. Throughout the burning of the Jablochhoff candle the fused portion of the insulating layer forms a conducting bridge between the carbon points; and hence there is a considerable loss of electric force (probably about thirty per cent), which in the ordinary arrangement would increase the intensity of the light. The great advantage of the candle consists in the circumstance that throughout its consumption the carbon ends are at a constant distance from each other without any mechanical or other arrangement being necessary to maintain them in due position.

One point should be noticed here. In the ordinary arrangement of carbon points, the positive carbon, as we have already said, is much more intensely heated, and consumes twice as fast as the negative carbon. Now if one carbon of the Jablochhoff candle were connected with the positive, and the other with the negative pole of the battery or of a machine, the former side would consume twice as fast as the latter, and the two points would no longer remain at the same horizontal level, which is essential to the proper burning of the Jablochhoff candle. By using a machine which produces alternating currents, M. Jablochhoff obviates this difficulty, the carbons being alternately positive and negative (in extremely rapid succession), and therefore consuming at the same rate.

The Jablochhoff candle lasts only about an hour and a half. But four, six, or more candles may be used in the same globe or lantern, and automatic arrangements adopted to cause a fresh candle to be ignited at the moment when its predecessor is burnt out.

In Paris and elsewhere (as in Holborn for instance), each Jablochhoff lamp is enclosed in an opal glass globe. Mr. Hepworth remarks on this, that in his opinion the use of the opal globe is a mistake, as it shuts off quite 50 per cent of the light without any corresponding advantage, except the correction of the glare. "This wasteful disadvantage will no doubt be remedied in the future," he says, by the use of some less dense medium. "Mr. Shoolbred states that from a series of careful photometric experiments carried out by the municipal authorities with the Jablochhoff lights, each naked light is found to possess a maximum intensity of 300 candles. With the opal globe this was reduced to 180 candles, showing a loss of 40 per cent, while during the darker periods

through which the light passed the light was as low as 90 candles." It may be mentioned here that Mr. Van der Weyde, who has long used the electric light for photographic purposes, has given much attention to the important problem of rendering the electric light available as an illuminator without wasting it, and yet without throwing the rays directly upon the object to be illuminated. The rays are intercepted by an opal disc about four inches in diameter, and the whole body of the rays is gathered up by a concave reflector (lined with a white material), and thrown out in a flood of pure white light, in which the most delicate shades of tint are discernible. He can use any form of electric candle in this way. Only it should be noticed, before the employment of his method is advocated for street illumination, that there is a difference between the problems which the photographer and the street-lighter have to solve. The Jablockhoff candle, for instance, must be screened on all sides, and even above, when used to illuminate the streets. If its direct light is allowed to escape in any direction, there will be a mischievous and unsightly beam, and from every point along the path of the beam, the intensely bright light of the candle will be directly visible. Again it is essential that whatever substance is used to screen the light should be dense enough to cause the whole globe to seem uniformly bright or nearly so. The only modification which seems available (when these essential points have been secured) is that the tint of the globe should be such as to correct any colour which the light may be found to have in injurious excess. We may, however, remark that the objection which has been often raised against the colour of the electric light can hardly be just—the injury to the eyes in certain cases arising probably from the strong contrast between the light and the background on which it is projected. For, as to colour, the electric light derived either from the glowing carbon or from incandescent metal is appreciably the same as sunlight.

The Rapiëff burner, employed in the *Times* Office, consists of four carbon pencils, arranged thus \vee (except that the two v's are not in the same plane, but in planes at right angles to each other). The spark crosses the space between the points of the v's, and arrangements are made for keeping the two points at the right distance from each other, and also for keeping the ends of the two pencils which form each point in their proper position. If the current is from any cause interrupted, an automatic arrangement is adopted to allow the current to pass to the other lamps in the same circuit. There are six lamps in circuit at the *Times* Office; and M. Rapiëff has exhibited as many as ten. The advantages claimed for this light are the following:—"First, its production by any description of dynamo-electric machine with either alternating or continuous currents; secondly, great divisibility and complete independence of the several lights, and long duration without change of carbons; and lastly, the extreme facility with which any ordinary workman or servant can renew the carbons when necessary, without extinguishing the lights." The last-named advantage results, it need hardly

perhaps be said, from the use of two carbons to form each point. One can be removed, the other remaining to keep the voltaic arc intact until a new carbon has been substituted for its fellow; then it in turn can be replaced by a new carbon, the new carbon already inserted keeping the voltaic arc intact.

The six lamps at the *Times* Office thoroughly illuminate the room, and give light for working the eight Walter presses used in printing the paper. The light has been thus used since the middle of last October, and it is said that other rooms in the building are shortly to be illuminated in the same manner. "Each lamp is enclosed in an opal globe of about four inches in diameter, and so little heat is given off, that the hand can be placed on the globe without inconvenience, even after the light has been burning for some time."

In the Wallace lamp, there are two horizontal plates of carbon, about nine inches in diameter, instead of mere carbon points. When the current is passing, these carbon plates are separated by a suitable small distance which remains unchanged. The electric arc, being started at the point along the edge of the carbons where there is least resistance to the passage of the current, gradually passes along the edge of the carbons as combustion goes on, changing the position of the place of nearest approach and consequently of least resistance. The light will thus burn for many hours (even for a hundred with large carbon plates), and any number of lights up to ten can be worked from the machine. The objection to the Wallace lamp is, that the light does not remain at one point, but travels along the whole extent of the carbons. It will not be easy to design a glass shade which will be suitable for a light thus changing in position.

The Werdermann regulator is on an entirely new plan; but it has not yet been submitted to the test of practical working outside the laboratory. The positive carbon, which is lowest, ends in a sharp point, which strangely enough retains its figure, while the carbon burns away at the rate of about two inches per hour. The negative carbon is a block having its under side, against which the positive carbon presses, slightly convex. The positive carbon is pressed steadily against the negative, by the action of a weight. The increased resistance to the passage of the current, at the sharp point of the positive carbon, generates sufficient heat to produce a powerful light. The light resembles a steadily radiant star, but "with all its softness and purity of tint, it is so intense, that adjacent gas-flames are thrown on the wall as transparent shadows." The light will last for fifteen hours without attention, the positive carbon rod being used in lengths of three feet. The carbon block hardly undergoes any change. When the lamp has been burning a long time, a slight depression can be seen at the place where the positive carbon touches it, but by shifting the carbon in its holder this is easily remedied." Mr. Werdermann lately exhibited a row of ten small lamps burning side by side at the same time. "The two wires from the machine," says Mr.

Hepworth, "were carried one on either side of this row of lamps, branch wires being led from them for the service of each lamp. Mr. Werdermann says that his perfected lamps will be furnished with keys, by which the current can be turned on or off, as in the case of gas. We may say in fact, that in the nature of its connections and various arrangements, it ('the Werdermann lamp') most nearly comes up in convenience to the use of gas."

We do not yet know certainly what arrangement Mr. Edison employs to obtain the light of which so much has been heard. It is asserted that his light is obtained from the incandescence of an alloy of iridium and platinum, which will bear without fusion a heat* of 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit. It would be unsafe, however, to assume that this account is trustworthy, or to infer (as we might in the case of almost any other inventor), that such being the nature of his plan, it could lead to no result of practical value. As has been well remarked by a contemporary writer, whatever Edison's invention may be, "it is certain to be something to command respect, even if it does not quite come up to the glowing accounts which have reached us in advance."

The following passage from one of these accounts, which appeared in the *New York Herald*, will be read with interest, and may be accepted as trustworthy so far as it goes. "The writer last night saw the invention in operation in Mr. Edison's laboratory. The inventor was deep in experimental researches. What he called the apparatus consisted of a small metal stand placed on the table. Surrounding the light was a small glass globe. Near by was a gas jet burning low. The Professor looked up from his work, to greet the reporter, and in reply to a request to view the invention, waved his hand towards the light, with the exclamation, 'There she is!' The illumination was such as would come from a brilliant gas jet surrounded with ground glass, only that the light was clearer and more brilliant. 'Now I extinguish it and light the gas, and you can see the difference,' said Mr. Edison, and he touched the

* Our occasional use of the word "heat" where in scientific writing "temperature" would be the word used, has exposed us to peevish, not to say petulant comments from a Scottish professor, who has denounced half the mathematical world for using the word "force" in the sense in which Newton used it, and has spoken of an eminent physicist as of one deserving universal execration and opprobrium for not explaining, when speaking of work done against gravity, that terrestrial gravity was meant, and not gravity on the sun, or Jupiter, or Mars, or anywhere in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, but only at the earth's surface. Where there is no risk of confusion, the word "heat" may be used either to signify caloric, or to signify temperature, as when in ordinary speech and writing we talk of blood-heat, fever-heat, summer-heat, and so forth. Science, indeed, very properly forbids the use of the word in any sense save one. But outside the pages of scientific treatises, there is no inaccuracy in using a word in a sense popularly attributed to it, when no mistake can possibly arise. No one can suppose, when we speak of a heat of so many degrees Fahrenheit or Centigrade, that we mean anything but such and such a degree of heat, any more than if we spoke of the intense heat of that *savant entêté*, our critic, any one would imagine that we referred to his caloric condition.

spring. Instantly all was darkness. Then he turned on the gas. The difference was quite perceptible. The light from the gas appeared in comparison tinted with yellow. In a moment, however, the eye had become accustomed to it, and the yellowish tint disappeared. Then the Professor turned on the electric light, giving the writer the opportunity of seeing both side by side. The electric light seemed much softer; a continuous view of it for three minutes did not pain the eye; whereas looking at the gas for the same length of time, caused some little pain and confusion of sight. One of the noticeable features of the light, when fully turned on, was that all the colours could be distinguished as readily as by sunlight. 'When do you expect to have the invention completed, Mr. Edison,' asked the reporter. 'The substance of it is all right now,' he answered, putting the apparatus away and turning on the gas. 'But there are the usual little details that must be attended to before it goes to the people. For instance, we have got to devise some arrangement for registering, a sort of meter, and again, there are several different forms that we are experimenting on now, in order to select the best.' 'Are the lights to be all of the same degree of brilliancy?' asked the reporter. 'All the same!' 'Have you come across any serious difficulties in it as yet?' 'Well no,' replied the inventor, 'and that's what worries me, for in the telephone I found about a thousand;* and so in the quadruplex. I worked on both over two years before I overcame them.'"

Other methods, as the Sawyer-Man system, and the Brush system, need not at present detain us, as little is certainly known respecting them. In the former it is said that the light is obtained from an incandescent carbon pencil, within a space containing nitrogen and no oxygen, so that there is no combustion. In the latter the carbon points are placed as in the ordinary electric lamp, but are so suspended in the clasp of a regulator, that they burn 14 inches of carbon without adjustment, the carbons lasting eight hours, and producing a flood of intense white light, estimated as equivalent to 3,000 candles.

We have no space to consider the cost of electric lighting, even if the question were one which could be suitably dealt with in these pages.

* The comments made by one of Mr. Edison's assistants on this point are interesting and instructive. "Mr. Batchelor, the Professor's assistant, who here joined in the conversation," proceeds the report of the *Herald*, "said, 'Many a time Mr. Edison sat down almost on the point of giving up the telephone as a lost job; but at the last moment, he would see light.' 'Of all things that we have discovered, this is about the simplest,' continued Mr. Edison, 'and the public will say so when it is explained. We have got it pretty well advanced now, but there are some few improvements I have in my mind. You see it has got to be so fixed that it cannot get out of order. Suppose when one light only is employed it got out of order once a year, where two were used it would get out of order twice a year, and where a thousand were used you can see there would be much trouble in looking after them. Therefore, when the light leaves the laboratory, I want it to be in such a shape that it cannot get out of order at all, except of course by some accident.'"

Opinions are very much divided as to the relative cost of lighting by gas and by electricity; but the balance of opinion seems to be in favour of the belief that in America and France certainly, and probably in this country, where gas is cheap, electric lighting will on the whole be as cheap as lighting by gas. It should be noticed, in making a comparison between this country and others in which coal is dearer, that the cheapness of coal here, though favourable in the main to gas illumination, is also favourable, though in less degree (relatively) to electric lighting. Machines for generating electricity can be worked more cheaply here than in America. Nay, it has even been found advantageous in some cases to use a gas engine to generate electricity. Thus Mr. Van der Weyde used an Otto gas engine driven at the cost of 6*d.* an hour for gas, to produce the light which he exhibited publicly on the night of November 9. So that the cheapness of gas may make the electric light cheaper. Then it is to be remembered that important though the question of cost is, it is far from being all-important. The advantages of electric lighting for many purposes, as in public libraries, in cases where many persons work together, under conditions rendering the vitiation of the air by gas lighting exceedingly mischievous, and in cases where the recognition of delicate differences of tint or texture is essential, must far more than compensate for some slight difference in cost. The possibility (shown by actual experience to be a real possibility) of employing natural sources of power to drive machines for generating electricity, is another interesting element of the subject, but could not be properly dealt with save in greater space than is here and now available.

Miss Morier's Visions.

I.

I WAS walking home one evening along an autumnal road, and hurrying, for I was a little belated, when I thought I heard a step following mine. I stopped, the step also stopped. I looked back, there was no one to be seen; but when I set off again I once more heard the monotonous footfall. Sometimes it seemed to miss a beat; sometimes it seemed to strike upon dead leaves, and then to hurry on again. This unseen march or progress was no echo of my own, for it kept an independent measure. The road was dull; twilight was closing in; the weather was dark and fitful; overhead the flying clouds were drifting across a lowering sky. All round about me the fogs and evening damps were rising. I thought of the warm fireside at Rock Villa I had left behind me; to be walking alone by this gloomy road was in itself depressing to spirits not very equable at the best of times, and this monotonous accompaniment jarred upon my nerves. On one side of the road was a high hedge; on the other, a rusty iron railing with a ploughed field beyond it. A little farther away stood a lodge by two closed gates. The whole place had been long since deserted and left to ruin—one streak in the sky seemed to give light enough to show the forlornness which a more friendly darkness might have hidden. It is difficult to describe the peculiar impression of desolation and abandonment this place produced upon people passing along the high road. The place was called "The Folly" by the neighbours, and the story ran that long years ago some Scotchman had meant to build a palace there for his bride; but the bride proved false; the man was ruined. The house for which such elaborate plans had been designed was never built, although the gates and the lodge stood waiting for it year after year.

The lodge had been originally built upon some fancy Italian model, but the terrace was falling in, the pillars were cracked and weather-stained, the closed gates were rust-eaten; the long railings, which were meant to enclose gardens and pleasure-grounds, were dropping unheeded. In the centre of the field, a great heap showed the place where the foundations of the house had been begun, and on the mound stood a signpost, round which the mists were gathering.

Meanwhile I hurried along, trying to reason away my superstitious fears. The steps were real steps, I told myself; perhaps there was some one behind the hedge to whose footsteps I was listening. I thought of the old Ingoldsby story of the little donkey and the frightened ghost-seer. I scolded myself, but in vain; a curious feeling of helplessness had

overcome me. I could not even summon up courage to cross the road and look. I felt convinced that I should see nothing to account for the step which still haunted me, and I did not want to be thrown into terrified intangible speculations, which have always had only too great a reality for me. I was still in this confusion of mind, when I heard a sound of voices cheerfully breaking the silence and dispelling its suggestions, a roll of wheels, the cheerful patter of a pony's feet upon the road. . . . I turned in relief, and recognised the lamps of my aunt's little pony carriage coming up from the station. As it caught me up, I saw my aunt herself and a guest snugly tucked up beside her, with a portmanteau on the opposite seat.

The carriage stopped, to exclaim, to scold, to order me in. After a short delay the portmanteau was hauled up on the box to make room; Mr. Geraldine, the arriving guest, gave up his seat to me. I did not like to tell them how grateful I was for this opportune lift, or for the good company in which I found myself. The pony was not yet going at its full speed when we passed the lodge.

"Why, that place must be inhabited at last! there is a light in the window," said my Aunt Mary, leaning forward as we passed the lodge.

As she spoke, a figure came out to the closed gate, and stood looking through the bars at the carriage. It was that of a short, broad-set man, with a wide-awake slouched over his eyes, and a rough pea-jacket huddled across his shoulders. He seemed to be scanning the carriage; but when the lamps flashed in his face he drew back from the light. I just caught sight of a dull, sullen countenance; and as the carriage drove on, and I looked back, I saw that the solitary man was still staring after us, standing alone in the field where the streak of light was dying in the horizon, and the vapour rising from the ground.

"That is not a cheerful spot to choose for a residence," said Mr. Geraldine, deliberately. "What can induce anybody to live there?"

"Something, probably, which induces a great many people to do very strange things," said Aunt Mary, smiling: "poverty, Mr. Geraldine."

"That is an experience fortunately unknown to me," said Mr. Geraldine, tucking the rug round his legs.

Rock Lodge is at some distance from a railway; the garden is not pierced by flying shrieks and throbs; it flowers silently amid outlying fields, with tall elm-trees to mark their boundaries. The road thither leads across flat country; it skirts a forest in one place, and passes more than one brick-baked village, with houses labelled, for the convenience of passers-by: Villa, Post Office, Schools, Surgery, and so on. We saw Dr. Evans's head peeping over his wire blind as we passed through Rockberry, and then five minutes more brought us to the gates of Rock Villa, where my aunt has lived for many years.

My cousins came out to greet the new comer. "Aunt Mary's bachelor," they used to call him in private; in public, he was "Uncle Charles." The two little boys, my aunt's grandsons, appeared from their

nursery. There was a great deal of friendly exclaiming. The luggage was handed up and down. Little Dick seized Mr. Geraldine's travelling-bag, and nearly upset all its silver bottles on to the carpet. My aunt, Mrs. Rock, began introducing her old friend.

"You see, we have Nora and her boys, and Lucy and her husband," said she, cheerfully ushering him in, "and my niece Mary you know, and Miss Morier I think you also know; she is in the drawing-room." And then Mr. Geraldine was hospitably escorted into a big room, with lights, and fire, and tea, and arm-chairs, and conversation, and flowers, and a lady in a shawl by the fire, and all the usual concomitants of five o'clock.

II.

We had all been staying for some days at Rock Villa, and enjoying the last roses of summer from its warm chimney-corners. It is a comfortable, unpretending house standing in a pretty garden, which somehow seems to make part of the living-rooms, for there are many windows, and the parterres almost mingle with the chintzes; the drawing-room opens into a conservatory; there is also a bow window with a cushioned seat, and a tall French glass door leading into the garden. The conservatory divides the drawing-room from the young ladies' room or study, which again opens into the hall. The dining-room is on the opposite side and the windows face the entrance gates. Inside the house, as I have said, the fires burnt bright in the pretty sitting-rooms; outside, the glories of October were kindling in the garden before winter came to put them all out. The plants were still green and spreading luxuriantly, stretching their long necks to the executioner; a golden mint of fairy leaves lay thickly scattered on the grass; from every branch the foliage still hung, painting trees with russet and with amber. On the stable wall a spray of Gloire de Dijon roses started shell-like, pink against the sky. The guelder-rose tree by the hall door was crimson, the chestnuts were blazing gold.

The days passed very quietly; all the people in the house were very intimately connected with one another; married sisters are proverbially good company. The outside world was almost forgotten for a time in family meetings and greetings and personalities; Nora's husband, the colonel, was in India; Lucy's husband, the clergyman, came up and down from London twice a week; Clarissa, the only unmarried daughter of the family, made music for us, for Mr. Geraldine especially, who delighted in good music; Miss Morier was also a very welcome visitor in my aunt's house. For many years she had been too ill and too poor to leave her own home; but her health had improved of late, and a small inheritance had enabled her to mix with her friends again. She was a peculiar-looking woman, with dilating eyes under marked brows; she may have been pretty once, but illness had destroyed every trace of good looks. She was very delicate still, and on her way to the South for the winter; she

was well educated, well mannered, and full of ready sympathy; gold and silver had she not in great abundance, but what she had to bestow upon others was the ease and help of heart which real kindness and understanding can always give. I could not help contrasting her in my mind with Mr. Geraldine, who was also unmarried, and in his way full of friendly interest in us all; but then it was in his way. He was easily put out of it, easily vexed; punctual and, alas! often kept waiting; he liked to lead the conversation, and it rambled away from him; he was impatient of bores and they made up to him; he didn't like ugly people or invalids; he detested Miss Morier, and her place was always by his at table.

Notwithstanding these peculiarities we are all fond of him, and grateful too. Colonel Fox is supposed to owe his appointment to Mr. Geraldine's influence. Lucy's husband, the curate, declares that half his parish is warmed and beflannelled with Uncle Charles's Christmas cheque; there is no end to his practical kindness and liberality. The intangible charities of life are less in our old friend's way, perhaps. As we were all sitting round the fire that evening after dinner, the conversation was turned upon our meeting in the road.

"Were you frightened, Mary?" said my aunt; "you were walking very fast."

"I was never more glad to see you, Aunt Mary," said I, gaining courage to speak of my alarm, and I told them my story.

"One has all sorts of curious impressions when one is alone," said my aunt, hastily. "You mustn't go out by yourself so late, my dear. It must have been fancy, for we should have seen any one following you."

"Footsteps!—how very curious!" said the curate. "Do you remember, Lucy, the other day I thought we were followed."

"Clarissa, will you play us something?" interrupted my aunt, rather uneasily; "and it is time for tea."

"You need not be afraid of my nerves," said Miss Morier, smiling. "I have quite got over my old troubles, dear Mrs. Rock, and I can hear people discuss hobgoblins of every sort with perfect equanimity."

My aunt evidently disliked the subject very much. She did not answer Miss Morier, and again said something about tea-time; but Nora, with some curiosity, exclaimed:—

"What was it, dear Miss Morier, that you used to see? I never liked to ask you; but I have always heard that you were troubled by some curious impressions."

"I don't mind telling you," said Miss Morier, turning a little pale as if she had somewhat overrated her own strength of nerve. "I used to see the figure of a man, a common-place looking man in a wig, and muffled in some sort of cloak: you will laugh, but you cannot imagine what misery it caused me. At times I saw the whole figure advancing towards me; sometimes it was retreating; sometimes only the head appeared. I found out at last that by a strong effort of will I could dispel the phan-

tom. When I was once convinced that it was some effect upon my nerves brought on by physical weakness, I was able to overcome it. The apparition was always accompanied by a peculiar sensation which I can hardly describe; a sort of suspense and loss of will, which came over me suddenly at all sorts of times and in different places.

"I have been reading some of those accounts of Shelley's visions, in that series of Morley's," said Mr. Geraldine, rather scornfully; "and the mysterious attacks upon him, and the apparition of the child coming out of the sea. He was a vegetarian, and he only drank water, which more than accounts for such cases of brain affection," said he, with a glance at poor Miss Morier, who was a teetotaler.

"I can't agree with you in thinking it altogether physical," said the curate gravely. "If all the tens of thousands of alleged phenomena witnessed in all parts of the world, and attested by experienced observers, be illusions, the fact would be more marvellous than the greatest marvel among them."

"But surely," said my aunt, impatiently, "the more common such things are, William, the more it also proves that it is a recognised affection depending on certain states of health not fully understood."

"All I can tell you," said I, "is that I heard the steps quite plainly. I spoke rather crossly, for they did not seem to give me credit for common sense. My aunt cut it short by saying I must not walk out alone again; and then came tea, music, bedroom candlesticks, good-nights. The curate went off with a pipe to some spot where tobacco was recognised at Rock Villa; Mr. Geraldine selected a book and a paper-cutter, and also disappeared; Clarissa, my youngest cousin, carried me off to her own room for a long midnight conversation. It lasted till the small hours, and I was creeping down to bed, carefully creaking through the sleeping house, when I thought I heard a faint cry. As I passed Miss Morier's door, I again heard it—a sort of agonised sigh.

I stopped short, and without further hesitation opened the door, which was not locked, and walked in. . . .

The room was full of moonlight; there was no candle, only a dim nightlight burning near the bed; the blinds were undrawn. In the middle of the room stood Miss Morier, in her white dressing-gown, with her long grey curls falling over her shoulders. She looked very pale in the moonlight; she gave a sort of gasp when she saw me.

"Who is it? What was it?" she said wildly. "Have you also seen? Oh, tell me! Thank you for coming." And then she caught me by the arm, and burst out crying. "You will think me so foolish," she sobbed, still clinging to me. "I thought I was cured; my old trouble has come upon me again to-night. I should not have talked of it. I saw him there," she said, pointing to the window and looking away.

I went to the window and saw nothing but the broad moonlight upon the lawn and the shadows of the bushes. There was a high clear

frosty sky, a few cold stars were shining above the trees, one branch glistened and seemed to shake in the darkness.

Miss Morier recovered herself after a minute. She drank some water, grew calmer, again thanked me for coming, begged me to say nothing to any one of her fright, and gratefully accepted my proposal that we should unlock the door between our rooms. Her alarm did not affect me, though I was very sorry for her, and after this night a certain slight barrier which had divided us hitherto seemed to be completely done away. I kept her secret as she desired. The subject was never mentioned between us. I could understand that the less she dwelt upon such nervous affections, the better it must be for herself and for every one else.

III.

But, perhaps, silence is not after all the best receipt for morbid impressions. I used to find myself watching Miss Morier, wondering whether her ghostly visitor was present to her; if she turned, if she looked about the room, as she had a way of doing, I used to imagine unseen visitants among us, or peeping over our shoulders. One day, in the garden, I thought I heard some one coming up to join me, and when I turned there was no one to be seen; then a curious uncomfortable sensation of being watched came over me, of something near and yet unrecognisable, of some one haunting my steps. One day Miss Morier came in from the fields and sat down impatiently by the fire. "Can you imagine what it is," she said, "never to be able to shake off the feeling of being followed! I never seem to be alone. I cannot bear it, I must get away. I think, perhaps, change of scene may help me."

I hardly knew how to answer her. This I knew, that I too had felt the same sensations. If we walked in the garden, there would be odd rustlings among the trees and bushes; sometimes of an evening it seemed to me that eyes were looking at us through the uncurtained windows; a sense of an invisible presence used to come over me suddenly as I sat busied with my own affairs; looking up, I might see nothing, but it would seem to me as if something had been there.

That very afternoon, after she left me, I remained alone in the drawing-room, reading by the fire and absorbed in my book, when this peculiar sensation of being watched made me turn round suddenly. This time I did see something which seemed to me more tangible than a ghost should be. It was a dark figure, starting from a corner of the room and vanishing into the conservatory. I saw it distinctly cross the window. I jumped up and followed, knocking over a table and a vase of flowers on my way; only, when I reached the conservatory, there was no one to be seen. The door was open to the garden and a chill wind was blowing in. Mr. Geraldine, hearing me call, came out from the study where he had been writing. I asked him if he had seen any one pass by, and he began some joking answer.

"It is no joking matter," I cried. "Pray do call some one."

We called everybody and looked everywhere, and searched the grounds, but nothing was discovered.

My younger cousins had also been in the study, and had seen nothing, heard nothing but the crash of the table. Mr. Geraldine continued his gibes, and I could see that the others only half believed me. The servants were desired to be careful about closing doors and windows. It was impossible to be really nervous in so large and cheerful a household, and by degrees the subject was dropped. Nevertheless, Miss Morier went on hurrying the preparations for her departure; she engaged a maid, packed her boxes; she was to start at the beginning of the week. She seemed in a fever to be off.

"Maria was always an excitable person," said my aunt, who was vexed by this sudden departure. "Once she gets a thing into her head, there is no changing her mind; she has always been fanciful since her trouble."

"What were her troubles?" said my cousin Nora. Then my aunt told us something of her friend's early life. She was to have been married to a young officer, who was killed in India, and she never really got over the shock, although she was once engaged to some one else. "It was her mother's doing, for the man was supposed to be rich; but it was a miserable business," said my aunt. "Maria nearly died of the strain. She seemed to hate the man, though he had obtained some strange power over her too. He was desperately in love with her, people blamed her for breaking it all off, but I always advised her to do so." My aunt ceased abruptly, for as she was speaking the door opened, and Miss Morier came in ready dressed for a walk.

"Is it prudent of you to go out?" said my aunt. "I don't trust these afternoon gleams."

"Oh, yes," cried Miss Morier, eagerly. "The day is fine, and I feel so well, and it is quite early yet." And then, as she seemed to wish for a companion, I offered to go with her.

We had paid our visit, and we were half-way home, when the fine sunshine suddenly vanished. It was gone, and then the clouds gathered overhead, and in a few minutes great chill drops began to fall in our faces. We had nearly half a mile to walk, and I felt not a little uneasy about my companion, who was very delicate, and not well able to bear sudden changes of temperature. We were walking along that straight high-road, of which I have already made mention, when the storm broke into a great downpour of rain and hail falling straight from the sky overhead. My companion was hurrying along by my side with flushed cheeks and panting breath. We were very wet by the time we reached the lodge, which looked more dismal than ever, presenting its Italian columns to the rain; but some shelter was to be found in the portico, and there we waited till the violence of the rain should abate. It was a dreary refuge enough; the field looked black, and the mist was creeping

along the ground, the railings were dripping. It was early in the afternoon, but the evening seemed suddenly to be closing in. Maria Morier shivered and drew close to the door, and then immediately we heard a creaking. The lodge door opened—two shaking hands held it back for us.

"You can come in," said a voice; "the door is open." Maria started, shrunk back, and then with a strange fixed look, said faintly, "We must go in, it is too late," and she walked into the lodge.

It consisted only of one room, big and dark and dull, and scarcely furnished. There were two narrow windows looking different ways, with lattice panes. There was a big divan in a sort of recess. In the centre of the place stood a round table with a velvet table-cloth half pulled aside, and all stained and dirty; the walls had once been papered with some red flock paper, it was falling here and there in discoloured strips. There was a medicine-bottle on one of the window-ledges, with a pair of shabby old boots covered with mud, and a candle stuck into a bent and once gilt candlestick. As my eyes became more accustomed, I recognised the man I had seen watching us through the gates. "You can wait a bit," he said, but his voice frightened me, it was so harsh and so hollow. His face looked pale and sullen, but his eyes were burning. An old wig was pulled over his forehead. He stood holding on by the back of a chair.

IV.

The rain was still beating and pouring upon the roof and against the windows. The old man had sunk into the chair from which he must have risen to admit us; he sat staring at Maria with a curious watchful inquiring look. He put me in mind of some animal caged away and dazed by long confinement. A sort of mist came creeping from beneath the door. They both looked so strangely that I thought it best to try and speak, I could not understand their curious fixed looks.

"It is very kind of you to let us in," said I. "My friend is not strong, and might be seriously ill if we were out in the rain. It is very good of you to give us shelter."

"Shelter!" said the old man. "Don't you see that this is the gate-keeper's house—gates to nothing. I'm my own keeper."

He spoke with a sneer, and sank back with the effort. Then he began again, still staring at Maria Morier.

"I knew you were coming. You did not think who it was that was about to give you shelter, or you would have stood out drenching in the rain sooner than come in."

He said all this a little wildly. I could not understand him. Miss Morier looked more and more frightened, and I too began to be alarmed. We had sat down upon the only convenient seat—the divan in the recess. I took Maria's hand, it was icy cold. The man sat fronting us, with his back to the door. He did not speak like a gentleman, nor as if he was a common man. Poor wretch! what a miserable life he must have led

for days past in this lonely place. He began muttering to himself after a while.

"There she sits," I heard him say. "She is an old woman now. Who says people change? I do," he shouted suddenly, starting to his feet; "they change—they lie—they forget, d—— their false hearts," and he dashed his hand to his head.

I was so startled by his sudden fury that I, too, started to my feet, still holding my friend's hand.

"Does she look like a woman you might trust?" he cried. "Smooth-spoken and bland, she fools us all; poor fools and idiots, ruined for her sake. Ay, ruined body and soul!"

By this time I was fairly terrified. Miss Morier, strange to say, seemed less frightened than at first. She looked at the door expressively, and we tried to get nearer to it; but he was too quick, and put himself in our way.

"You may go," he said, very excitedly, pointing to me. "I've taken you for her more than once, and nearly come upon you unawares, but to-day there is no mistake. I have waited for her all this time, and she can stay a bit now she has condescended to come to me. This might have been her lodge-gate once, all new and furnished up. It's not fit for my lady to bide in for an hour; but good enough for me to die in like a dog, alone."

It was a most miserable, terrifying scene. Miss Morier spoke very calmly, though I could see what a great effort she was making.

"I shall be glad to stay till the rain is over," she said; "and then, perhaps, you will show us the way back."

Her words, civil as they were, seemed to exasperate him.

"So you speak," he said, in a shrill sort of voice. "Mighty civil is my lady, but she shall not escape for all her silver tongue. I have followed you all these days,—followed your steps, waited your coming; and now you are come to me, and you shall not leave me, you shall not leave me!" he cried, in a sort of shriek, and I saw something gleam in his hand. He had got a knife, which he flourished wildly over her head. "Yes, you are come," he cried, "though you have forgotten the past, and David Fraser, the ruined man."

Miss Morier, who had been shaking like an aspen, suddenly forgot all her terror in her surprise and spontaneous sympathy. "You David! David Fraser! Oh! my poor David!" she said, stepping forward with the kindest, gentlest pity in her tones, and only thinking of him and his miserable condition, and forgetting all fears for herself.

I don't know whether it was her very kindness that overcame him. As she spoke, he threw up his arms and let them fall at his side, dropping the knife upon the floor. He seemed to catch for breath, and then, before we could either of us catch him, he had fallen gasping and choking at our feet. We could not raise him up, but Maria lifted his head on to her knee, while I loosened his shirt and looked about for

water. There was no water, nothing in the place, and I could only soak my handkerchief on the wet flags outside, and lay it on his head. The rain was stopping; a boy was passing down the road, and I called to him, and urged him to hurry for help—to the doctor's first, and then to my aunt's house. I hastily wrote a pencil line upon the card for him to show, and he set off running. Then I went back into the house; it was absolutely bare, neither firing nor food could I find. There was a candle and there were some lucifers, which I struck, for the twilight was falling. "Some one will soon be here," I said to Miss Morier.

"Rub his hands," she said in a whisper; and we chafed the poor cold hands. The man presently came to himself, and began muttering again. As I looked at the poor patient, I could hardly believe this was the same man we had been so alarmed by. His wig had fallen off, and we could see the real lines of his head. He was deadly pale, but a very sweet expression had come into the sullen face. His talk went rambling on in some strange way. He seemed to know Miss Morier, for he kept calling her by her name. Then he appeared to imagine himself at some great feast or entertainment.

"Welcome to my house, Maria," he said; "welcome to the Towers. Tell the musicians to play louder; scatter flowers; bring more lights, it is dark; we want more lights."

As he spoke a curious bright reflection came shining through the window that looked towards the field.

"Is some one coming?" said Maria, trying to raise the helpless figure. "Oh, go to the door."

I went to the door and flung it open, and then I stood transfixed. It was not the help we longed for. I cannot explain what I saw—I can only simply describe it. The light which had been shining through the window came from across the field: from a stately house standing among the mists, and with many lighted windows. I could see the doors, the casements all alight. I could even trace the shadows of the balconies, the architectural mouldings. The house was a great square house, with wings on either side, and a tall roof with decorated gables. There were weathercocks and ornaments, and many shining points and decorations. It seemed to me that, from time to time, some dreamy faint sound of music was in the air. It was all very cold; I shivered as I stood there, and all the while I heard the poor voice rambling on—calling to guests, to musicians. "Welcome to my house," he said, over and over again. "I built it for her, and she has come to live in it."

This may have lasted some minutes; then I heard Maria calling, and as I turned away suddenly the whole thing vanished. "Oh, come!" she said. Some gleam of recognition had dawned into the sick man's eyes. He looked up at her, smiled very peacefully, and fell back. "It is all over," she said, bursting into a flood of tears. A minute after there came a knocking at the door—it was the doctor, but he was too late.

I cannot account for my story. I have told it as it occurred. When

the doctor came, and I opened the door to him, the field was dark, the black shadows were creeping all about it, the signpost stood upon the mound.

I asked the doctor afterwards if he had seen anything coming along, but he said "No;" and when I told my story, he tried to persuade me it was some effect of the mists on the marshy ground; but it was something more than that. Perhaps a scientific name will be found some day for the strange influence of one mind upon another.

The Evil Eye.

If the universality of a belief were an argument for its truth, the doctrine which asserts the power of the Evil Eye would be above all controversy. Transmitted by uncounted generations perhaps to all the nationalities of the globe, the theory of fascination, which lies at the basis of all witchcraft, holds a place among the very first ideas formulated by mankind. We will inquire into its probable origin, into the reasons which made it acceptable, and make it still accepted by the majority of the human race.

Of all our organs of sense, the perception of light is the most developed; its training has been the culture of intelligence itself. It is a common saying that the eyes are the windows of the soul. They are even spoken of as being the soul itself. That expression, which is now meant to be taken merely as a figure of speech, was in former times used quite literally. The soul and the eye were equivalent terms in ancient magic. The cannibals of Polynesia eat the eyes of their enemies, to make sure of the total destruction of the slain, and to prevent any transmundane revenge. Such, in their view, is the only way by which these troublesome souls can be disposed of; and even this is not effective, unless resorted to betimes. In all parts it was believed that the souls of dead men could mingle with the living. Thus, one or many souls, which, in their essence, were glowing lights or sparks of fire, took up their abode in the eyes of valiant men, powerful chiefs, or clever sorcerers. The divine origin of certain heroes and of kings in ancient Scandinavia was recognised by their glittering eyes. In the eye, all the energies were thought to concentrate, either for good or evil. Hence the benevolent eyes of some are fraught with beneficent virtues, and the malevolent glances of others dart maleficent effluvia; hence some inflict maladies which others cure; hence some attract and others prevent mishaps and *contretemps*.

The evil principle has been always of much more importance among rudimentary intelligences than the good one; therefore it is not to be wondered at that the evil eye is much more talked of than the other. Nevertheless the latter is, even now, not completely ignored, for there are still persons who are besought by players to give a glance—a mere glance—at their cards or lottery tickets. But the number of these persons credited with favourable influences is not to be compared with that of those who are, presumably, endowed with malignant influences. The doctrine of the Evil Eye, of its causes, of its effects, of its prevention, of

its manifold cures, constitutes by far the most important chapter of Magic—of Magic which was formerly looked upon in the light of a science, and even of a religion; though now looked down upon as a conglomerate of gross superstitions, which, of course, are the more despised as they are the less understood.

However, the theory of the Evil Eye was alleged to be founded on a reality; the fantastic superstructure had claimed for itself a solid basis, its great corner-stone being Fascination—a fact well known to the students of natural history. Fascination, in current language, denotes the power, still very little understood, still too mysterious, which is ascribed to any firm and steadfast gaze, and especially to that of man. Witches, orators, men of genius, great generals and leaders of men, are said to be possessed with an irresistible glance. Of beasts of prey, such as lions and tigers, it is often told that they need only to look at some of their intended victims to make them lie helpless at their feet, and that eagles and hawks overcome the resistance of the smaller birds in the same way. Travellers have frequently described how the snake, coiled in the leafy branches, with his glittering eye little birds, which, trembling, palpitating, and screaming, flit around their enemy, until, stupid with terror, they precipitate themselves into his gaping jaws. Even visitors to our zoological gardens confirm the tale. The dull, sinister eye of the octopus is said to exert a fatal attraction upon the exhausted swimmer; and by a like influence, it is supposed, the humming-birds fall an easy prey into the fangs of the monster spider of the Brazils. It is said, further, that the lion, the king of beasts, when encountered by the stern and unflinching look of man, recognises the superiority of the lord of creation, and dare not attack. The popular belief on this subject is much more positive than is justified by the knowledge of naturalists, who, most of them, neither absolutely deny nor fully accept the theory of fascination. But novelists have taken full advantage of it, and at one time it was the fashion for them to endow their hero or heroine with a fatal look. Some explained that the effluence which streamed from these eyes, irresistible for good or for evil, was due to magnetism or to electricity, *obscurum per obscurius*. Others, without any pretension to science, simply affirmed that such eyes were bewitching—. . . Thus we are led back to our witches, who are witches, we are told, because in their eyes glisters an unearthly fire, the scintillation of some dead man's soul.

At the other outset, let us state that, according to all folk-lore, such souls swarm around us in infinite numbers. The living are few in our lands, few in our cities, but the ghosts fill the air as far as the clouds. They fill the forests, the deserts, the expanse of the waters, the sides, the summits, and even the interiors of the mountains; they herd and flock in the very bowels of the earth. The saying is current among the Jews

—"Of them, there are far more than of us." Said Abba Benjamin: "Were the power given the eye to see them, no creature could stand the sight of them." Said Rab Huna: "One of us has a thousand to his left, ten thousand to his right." Said Raba: "The feeling of oppression around the bride comes from them; the clothes of the Rabbis fall to pieces from their rubbing. Who wants to see them has to take finely sifted ashes, to strew them around his bed, and in the morning he will see their foot-tracks as a cock's."—(*Talmud Babl.*, 'Berachoth.')

Children are taught in Germany not to slam the doors violently otherwise they may pinch the souls unawares. In Brittany, according to Souvestre, "at all Saints' Eve the deceased souls—poor things—are allowed to visit for some hours the family hearth. Pious people have then the table well decked out, and a bright fire lit, that the ghosts may warm their chilled limbs, and once again comfort their hearts. Soon the house becomes filled with them, as are in autumn the ditches and paths into which the wind drives the whirling heaps of withered leaves. The Esthonian epopœia narrates how the son of Kalev, its hero, entered Hell, but for a long time could not proceed, so thick were the clouds he had to traverse—clouds made up of souls innumerable, which fluttered in the shape of flies. To explain that the fly is a favourite emblem of the soul, Tatars speak of their "midge souls." The priests in the New Hebrides create, or rather let loose, flies and mosquitoes against their enemies, as Moses and Aaron did, when "they stretched out their rod and smote the dust of the land, and there came a grievous swarm of flies into all Egypt, and the land was corrupted by reason of the swarm." Throughout all antiquity we see the notion prevalent that pestilence and malaria are caused by the crowd of souls thronging the atmosphere as buzzing insects. And flies especially were identified with the spirits, because they spring forth from carcasses whose fleshy parts were supposed to dissolve into worms or grubs, and thence into flies—because, too, of their immense numbers, of their voracity, and their thirst for blood. It is well known how mosquitoes, gad-flies, and horse-flies are the much dreaded tormentors of men and brutes.

We may be said now to be above the terror of ghosts; but, for long ages, they were a cause of misery, a cruel nightmare preying upon the infantine mind of man as it slept or lay half awake in its cradle. Death was believed to change men much for the worse, and to transform even their nature. Tylor has brought together many instances of this belief:—

"The Australians have been known to consider the ghosts of the unburied dead as becoming malignant demons. New Zealanders have supposed the souls of their dead to become so changed in nature as to be malignant to their nearest and dearest friends in life. The Caribs said that of man's various souls some go to the sea-shore and capsize boats, others to the forests to be evil spirits. Among the Sioux Indians the fear of the ghost's vengeance has been found to act as a check on

murder. Of some tribes in Central Africa it may be said that their main religious doctrine is the belief in ghosts, and that the main characteristic of these ghosts is to do harm to the living. The Patagonians live in terror of the souls of their wizards, which become evil demons after death. Turanian tribes of North Asia fear their Shamans even more when dead than when alive, for they become a special class of spirits, who are the hurtfullest in all nature, and who among the Mongols plague the living on purpose to make them bring offerings. In China it is held that the multitudes of wretched destitute spirits in the world below, such as souls of lepers and beggars, can sorely annoy the living; therefore at certain times they are appeased with offerings of food, scant and beggarly; and a man who feels unwell, or fears a mishap in business, will prudently have some mock clothing and mock money burnt for these 'gentlemen of the lower regions.' Notions of this sort are widely prevalent in Indo-China and India. There whole orders of demons were formerly human souls, especially of people left unburied or slain by plague or violence; of bachelors, or of women who died in childbirth, and who henceforth wreak their vengeance on the living."

And we read in Ettmüller's *Alt-Nordische Studien*:—"Arwit and Asmund were great friends. They swore eternal friendship, and that the first to die would soon be followed by the other to the grave. Arwit's hour came, and he was buried, with his horse and dog, in a cavern. Asmund did not long delay to fulfil his promise. Accordingly he caused the sepulchre to be opened, entered it, and seated himself near the body; then the large stone was rolled on the cavern's mouth, and he was shut from the world. It happened that some days afterwards the Swedes, led by Erik, invaded the country. Being apprised that the mound contained rich treasure, they proceeded to open it. Asmund was discovered. Ghastly he stared, with clothes torn, hair dishevelled, his white face smeared with blood. He declared that every night Arwit came to life again, ferocious by hunger. Arwit having devoured the flesh of the horse and dog, fell unawares upon his friend and brother, and bit off his left ear. Every night the battle raged afresh. He, Asmund, with his unbroken sword, had split Arwit's skull and smashed his ribs."

This story throws a lurid light on what was believed to be the state of the defunct souls. Not absolutely dead, they were constantly starving; at most times they remained motionless, but now and again they would be relieved by some water, by some drops of milk or blood, or honey, by the wind bringing them smells of viands, fumes of sacrifices, which they eagerly sniffed. Dire hunger impelled them to fall upon all carrion. The Erloer Sortok of Greenland attacks the dead on their way to heaven and spoils them of their viscera. The Boothams of South India take advantage of human offal and excrement, as do the flies. Rabbis caution us that some recesses in the house are swarming with them. Ghosts are the very hunger, they are famine itself. Roaming everywhere, they devoured not only dead corpses but also the living

bodies, for in former times every ailment was supposed to be the work of a demon who preyed upon the vital parts, fed upon man's substance, like some hideous tape-worm located in the entrails. They are the servants of death, the emissaries of the grave. Some, it is true, protect their kith, are well-doers to their own family, but doers of evil to all others. On the whole they are mischievous beings. Touched by them, any man or animal sickens or dies; the flower withers which they graze. They extract and absorb the essence of things as they look upon them. They pass over the orchards as a killing frost, over the young wheat as a blighting wind. If they enter a man who be of their lineage and of their especial favourites, by a rare miracle he may become a genius, a seer, or a prophet; but as a rule he is turned into a fool, a demoniac, or an epileptic. If they enter their victim but *en passant*, their presence means sore eyes, oppression, fever, gout, rheumatism, and other ailments. What says the folk-lore?—"He who steps over the graves gets a rash; he who reads the epitaphs on the tombstones, his memory is weakened. . . . He who smells flowers gathered in cemeteries loses the scent. . . . Lovers are estranged when earth from a churchyard is thrown between them. . . . A pregnant woman miscarries when she walks over a coffin. . . . He who brushes a ghost unawares is shot by the elves in the loins. . . . 'Between the living and the dead,' teaches the *Talmud*, 'the partition can never be too deep. Put a rock, put a wall between you and them, and if you cannot do more, turn the head away from them.' How should not the ghosts be dreaded? They are pestilence, they are Black Death, which carries off populations at once. When they are packed close together, they push, rend, and tear; they cause earthquakes in the subterranean depths, and in the atmosphere, storms, tempests, and cyclones. Witches are fiendish souls, which have located themselves in a human body like some crab in a strange shell, or have been called up by some conjuror. The Australian *Karraji* goes and sleeps on a grave for three nights consecutively, then ghosts enter his belly, devour some viscera, and settle there instead. Henceforth the *Karraji* will be able himself to suck other folk's entrails from afar, by artful contrivances, or even by merely looking on his victims. At Jeypore, South India, a hag, when angry with any one, will get at night to the top of the hut in which lies her intended victim. Through a hole in the roof she reaches the sleeper by a ball of thread, whose other end is in her mouth, and thus she draws the blood out of him. She may even remove the ribs from one's breast, or place various substances in one's stomach, without his knowledge. . . ."

Everywhere it is in criminal alliance with the demons or ghosts that witches are said to have destroyed crops by worms or caterpillars, by moths or rust, by mildew, dry rot, or by hail. They scatter scab and murrain among the flocks, they dry up the cows, or make them give blood instead of milk. Their power is much on the wane, it is true, but as long as it lasted no wonder that the poor miserable country folks

were intent on their extermination. Quite recently, in Mexico, a wretched old female was burnt alive for being suspected of sorcery. In fact, the ferocious and stupid prosecution of these supposed malefactors is, in the later centuries, a foul blot on the magistracy of all European countries, and on the Protestant and Catholic clergies alike.

We need no longer wonder then, as we study the history of funeral rites, at the trouble which was taken in securely disposing of the dead, so as to prevent them from bursting the bonds of the grave, intent upon rambling to the general discomfort of men.

Tshoovashs screw the lid of the bier as fast and strong as they can. Tsheremiss hedge the body in between poles too high to be climbed up. Arabs squeezed the soul under thick slabs, and every passer-by added a stone to the heap. Amakosa are careful that not a sod be taken from the grave, for fear lest the superincumbent earth should become too light. In Bohemia during the twelfth century, when the people went home from a burial, they flung stones and chips of wood above their shoulders without ever looking behind—a delicate hint to the dead not to loiter among his former friends. Cáyavávás and Etonámás (South America) closed the mouth and nostrils of the dying, that death might not escape and pounce upon others. Not satisfied with this contrivance, Peruvians stitched these apertures with a strong cord, others fastened the arms of the dead (Polynesia), or tied their toes (Ceylon), or pounded their bones (the ancient Balearians), and bottled the powder in closely-fitting jugs. Another device was to eat the body raw (Australia), or roasted (Polynesia). By chopping the bones, extracting the marrow and ingesting it, one was sure to give a final quietus to the deceased, and bolt in all his strength and virtues. Among the always practical Chinese, special officers were appointed by the Crown to hoot and shout at the obnoxious *shen*—to frighten them away, as if they were merely a band of sparrows or pilfering monkeys.

When food was made more abundant, by agriculture or otherwise, and riches accumulated, it became possible to attend to the wants of the ghosts, to feed them properly and with regularity. The study of the Vedic institutions, of the early culture among the Græco-Romans and the barbarous peoples, shows the progressive stages of religion to have been concomitant with those of property. It sufficed to adopt a ghost to make a god of him, but then he had to be fed, and duly entertained with fire, butter, *ghæe*, fat, and other offerings. Few were the families who could afford to keep a god of their own, but those who managed it were well repaid for their trouble and expense. The god who entered their abode made it divine, he endowed the children with a strength of mind and body superior to that of common mortals, he requited with liberal interest the advances which had been bestowed upon him. Hence the origin of the Eumatrides, Eupatrides, patricians or betters; the few who were to command while the many were to obey. Thus came into existence the Lares and Penates, genii of the noble and affluent families. To worship

them was called by the Greeks *παρπαζειν*, and by the Romans *parentare*. The heir of the estate, who, in the later Gentile organisation, was the eldest son from male to male, attended to the daily wants of his private god and reputed ancestor, who with his tithes, firstlings, and heave offerings had an existence relatively comfortable—even when he had to satisfy himself, as in the poorer households, now with the libation of wine or dropping of beer froth, now with the offal and crumbs of the table, which in many parts of Bohemia the peasants would still think a sin to sweep outside the door, and not to burn in the kitchen fire—the modern substitute for the house altar. And as order slowly came to be established in things sacred and profane, as the State, as the *Civitas* mundane and transmundane were organised by degrees, good luck to the man who left a son to take care of him in after life! The most ardent wish in these times was that which we read in the laws of Manu:—"May sons be raised from our stock, who for ever will supply us with rice cooked in milk, with honey and molten butter!" But woe to the man who, "dying childless and receiving no offerings, was exposed to perpetual hunger."—(*Lucian de Luctu*.) Henceforth he was to wander homeless, restless, borne hither and thither by the fitful wind. Left thus in the cold, how should he not feel spiteful, malignant, desperate; how should he not hate mankind, and all beings that enjoy the sweet pleasures of life? Among those most desirous of revenge were such as had been driven to suicide by despair. It seems as if the people who laid violent hands on themselves, departing life before their appointed time, never died in earnest. Most became vampires, using for mischief the strength with which their soul was still endowed. So did many mothers who had died at their first parturition; so did many lads and maidens cut off in the prime of life, of which we have examples known of all in the story of Tobias, and Goethe's *Bride from Corinth*; the fairest and gentlest became the most cruel and bloodthirsty. To check their incursions, the contrivance was resorted to of turning them in their graves face downwards, and transfixing their heart by a pointed stake, well hardened in the fire and driven deeply into the soil. Murderers, too, could scarcely be kept quiet, those who had been unruly during their lives were sure to give only much trouble to the spiritual police. It could not be helped. Those souls who had been forgotten and forsaken would swell the number of the transmundane dangerous classes; they would live from hand to mouth, eking out their miserable existence by theft coupled with manslaughter. Partly from compassion and piety, partly as a measure of simple prudence, it was settled that general measures should be taken to prevent the ghosts from resorting to such desperate means. Feasts were therefore instituted on peculiar occasions, or at a certain period of the year, when the famishing souls were entertained at the public expense. At funerals a banquet was given, in which the friend just departed and all the dead in the neighbourhood, whether recently or long defunct, were copiously regaled with blood. At the funereal games, so called, of which

we have still many contemporaneous examples, it was decent and proper for the women to gash their breasts and thighs, to tear the flesh of their cheeks, and even to chop their skulls. As to the men, sword in hand, they hewed one another for the benefit of the dead, as they did around Achilles' pyre. They had also human sacrifices and gladiatorial fights, where men, children, women, and brutes were immolated wholesale, till the arena was drenched with blood, which, we are told, the spirits hidden in the ground quaffed lustily. Such are the "great customs" in Dahomey and Ashanti, where men are massacred by the hundred, if not by the thousand—splendid revels for the king's ancestors and their noble court. On these occasions male and female slaves are slain in order that they may accompany the deceased monarch into the land of the dead, there to minister, as in life, to his wants and pleasures.

By degrees, sensible men became aware of the fact that these atrocious festivities were too wasteful of human life. Having discovered the fact, they became intent on diminishing the number of the gluttonous mouths to be fed. Thus in Polynesia they agreed that henceforth the common people were at liberty not to possess a soul, nay, in some parts they were even forbidden to possess one, since it became so troublesome and expensive to the commonwealth. But the priests, the high aristocracy, and, of course, the kings were allowed that article so precious but so costly. When cattle were bred cheaper and human life became somewhat dearer, the killing of men made place for the killing of beasts, and hence we have record of stupendous butcheries, massacres of beeves and cows, horses, goats, and sheep, such as would have sufficed for an army; the blood spurting in rivulets, the gore dribbling in tanks; the air being filled with the fetor of the slaughter-house, the stench of burning fat, the fumes of viands with the effluvia of wine, beer, or sour milk. It is not to be denied that such feasts were also celebrated in the chthonic religions with the purpose of increasing the fertility of the soil, by making the earth pregnant with blood. It would be impossible to discriminate between the feasts which had for their object either the feeding of the ghosts or the fertilisation of the soil. Both institutions merge completely into each other; in fact, the souls were invigorated in order that they might enter the seeds and make them teem with energy and productiveness.

Of these festivals we have some remnants in the sad times of All Saints' and All Hallows, in the routs of Shrovetide and of Christmas, in which so many geese and turkeys are despatched. Even in Christian times December was called the "Month of Gore." In the Slav countries the memory has been preserved of copious repasts which were given to the dead. After much revelry the master of the house summoned the souls:—"Most reverend uncles and fathers, the banqueting is over. You have been entertained to the best of our ability, you have had plenty to eat, plenty to drink. Now be gone, if you please, and do not come back till asked for."

With the increasing amount of disposable food, with a greater fore-

sight as to the adjustment of their wants, and also with the progress of instruction, the ghosts are now by far less dangerous than they were formerly. Their numbers and their importance decrease rapidly; even the witches will soon be totally extinct in Europe. The "little folks" do scarcely any harm now to the wheat, to the mares, and to the milking cows; they are still malicious, but not malignant any more. As they leave the people in peace, they are not themselves cursed and molested any more. About the "imps, fairies, brownies, bogies, and such devilry," less concern is now felt than about the ladybirds, the caterpillars, and the butterflies.

The theory set forth above as to the nature and the doings of the demons and spirits, either good or bad, is the simplest, but, of course, it is not the only one. From this most ancient doctrine have been developed some which are complex and difficult to understand; it has been mixed up with mystic, philosophical, and astrological tenets, which may be expressed somewhat as follows: Mother earth takes up the dead, but only to revive them in her fruitful bosom: the sepulchre of all that has lived, is also the womb of all that is to live. The present generations serve as material for the future ones. Thus the forests shoot up, stand erect for a while, then fall down, their detritus being turned to food by others—the fir to the beech, and the beech to the oak. After sojourning in Hades for a period—stated by some to be very long, and by others to be relatively short—the souls return to lovely earth, are brought again under the azure expanse of heaven, are again looked at by glorious Helios. Either entering or leaving Hades they drink the water of Lethe, a few drops of which obliterate the memory of all that has passed. But oblivion does not alter the soul's essence, which is of fiery nature, having been lit once by Prometheus at a flame snatched from the sun's wheel. This fire, however, is not always or everywhere identical with itself. Although they derive probably from the same source, there are celestial, terrestrial, and infernal fires. The purest are those which have most of radiant ether in them; the grosser are fed with animal or vegetable substances, or such thick, mephitic gases as poison the mines underground. Hence, according to the Talmudic legend, the angel Gabriel had to wash the fire which he brought over from hell to the earth, by rinsing it thrice in deepest ocean. That process not being an easy one, many souls come back to us which are but imperfectly cleansed, and have not been purified to the quick. Theirs is the "evil eye," mentioned already in the *Athar-Veda*, and in Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Theocritus, and many others—an eye where, under brows which meet, flares with a red glow a drop of the hellish fire that consumes and devours, while the heavenly fire illumines and brightens. That impure light is never so potent as when it shines from, or upon, an unwashed face. Eyes of witches and demons are red, says the folk-lore; the more fiendish the spirit, the more inflamed are the eyelids. This evil eye casts a peculiar look, they say—a darting glance, which stings unawares—a hungry leer, which leaves a feeling of uneasi-

ness. Nervous people, thus looked at, complain, or are said to complain of weariness and drowsiness, of headache and general lack of energy. They are reported to have been "vampirised." "The spark of hell" acts on men as a hot, scorching wind acts on leaves, which it scarcely moves, while it dries their substance and destroys their vitality.

De Faira narrates that at Mascate there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of anybody only by fixing their eyes upon him. In the country of Sennar and Fassokl they have rivals not less powerful, who, by a mere look of their evil eye (*Ain el hassid*), stop the blood in the heart and the arteries of their enemy, desiccate his entrails, unsettle his intellect. We learn from Grohmann that it is necessary to shut the eyes of those who are expiring, for if it were not done, the dead man would use his eyes to look at the living, especially at his friends and kindred, and would draw them after him. Wuttke reports that anybody who has not the power of the evil eye, can acquire it by searching in a cemetery until he finds some plank of a coffin which has a branch hole in it. That hole, through which the deceased was on the look-out, may be used as an eyeglass, and whoever is thus stared at, sickens or comes to misfortune; and disease may be brought on the people simply by glancing at them through a chink, or with eyes askew.

Not all who have the evil eye—the "*ill ee*," say the Scotch—are sorcerers, but all wizards and accursed ghosts have the evil eye. And as witches are not all ugly and old hags, so likewise all evil eyes are not sore or bloodshot; some are beautiful, and may even belong to good and holy people, who exert their untoward power unconsciously. In Albania even fathers were not allowed to see their son before the seventh day, for fear that, much against their will as it would be, they might throw an evil influence upon them. When people are eating, especially when delicate morsels are served, they may swallow poison unawares—poison conveyed by the hungry and greedy looks which are glaring at the viands. Hence the custom, still extant in so many countries, for well-to-do folks, and most of all for kings, to eat alone. It is advisable not to eat in the presence of a woman, say the Zinçalis, for the evil eye, if cast by a woman, is far more dangerous than if cast by a man. The poor ignorant Sardinians have a saying amongst themselves: "*Dio vi guardi d'occhio di letterato!*"—(May the Lord preserve you from being looked at by a man of letters!)—for the ailments which they inflict are much worse than those inflicted by other people. Sardinians are not alone to look upon science as a downright devilry, as a black art, replete with potent but forbidden secrets, into which but the craftiest and wickedest can penetrate, with the help and under the guidance of the Evil One. Another explanation of the Sardinian diction, more common-place but less true, is that most literati have a more searching and more piercing look than is the wont. This helps us to understand why so many poets, painters, and musicians, more than others, are reported to be possessed with such mischievous influences. In Paris and in Vienna it is a

standing joke that the composer, Mr. Offenbach, of *La Belle Hélène* notoriety, is a *jettatore*. And the Romans attributed the evil eye to the late Pius IX. It has been considered supremely ridiculous that the very people who prayed the head of Catholic Christendom to bless them, at the same time forked out two fingers to break the maleficent power of his glance. But future historians will find, perhaps, in that popular credence a fit symbol of that long pontificate—second in importance to none, not even to those of Hildebrand and of Innocent III.—which lost the temporal power, and promulgated the *Syllabus* in the face of liberal Europe.

Whole populations have been said to be endowed with the power of the evil eye: among the ancients, the Telchines, the Triballi, the Thebans, the Illyrians, and all the Thracian women. Among the moderns it is attributed by the Christians to the Turks; to the Christians, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Armenians, by the Turks; to the Sunnites by the Shiites; to the Shiites by the Sunnites. In the mouth of the orthodox, "evil eye" is a term of abuse against infidels, possessed as such by unclean spirits. Christians and Moslem agree to endow with it the Gipsies and the Jews, and sometimes the Hindoos. The traveller Halévy said he took advantage of that reputed power which causes his kinsfolk to be hated in all the East, but dreaded too—people fearing as much to meet as to offend them; holding it equally dangerous either to allow them any familiarity or to refuse them hospitality—even to accept a reward for that hospitality.

"Forespeaking," an exact equivalent to "evil eye," is followed by exactly the same results, is prevented by the same means. To forespeak is to praise anybody, or anything, more than is strictly warranted by truth. Directly that the exact measure is transgressed, forespeaking begins. This curious belief is founded upon a delicate psychology. High appreciation of others is not a feeling to which men are generally prone. As long as it is sincere, intelligent praise is modified by criticism, curtailed by restrictions. If we meet, therefore, with an admiration loudly expressed, overstepping the mark, this admiration has every chance to be not an error but a deliberate falsehood. The ancients accordingly held forespeaking to be a bad omen, fraught with more dangers than an undeserved curse. The gods, not a whit less jealous than men, were made angry by hearing fulsome praise, and took away what had been lauded unduly. Therefore it has often proved dangerous, when travelling in the East, or in Southern Europe, to gaze intently upon children, or to praise them loudly. In such cases, the strangers were accused of throwing evil *sortes*, willingly or unwillingly. On seeing such a foreigner look eagerly at her child, the mother spits in its face, to counteract the spell. And if the look be directed unmistakably on the woman herself, more than one may be seen to spit in her own bosom, often with a curse that startles the too admiring stranger; often with a deprecatory ges-

ture which is not meant to be rude. They answer the compliments of even their friends and parents on the health and good appearance of their nursling by such exclamations as, "He is a piggy for all that, an ugly little villain!" They give him on purpose, as a standing name, meant to disguise the real one, a word of opprobrium or reproach. And the Turks hang often old rags or such like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination.

Of the "*præbia*," or means of defence, intended to avert or to counteract forespeaking and the evil eye, we will cite but a few taken at random. Books on folk-lore overflow with admonitions, with receipts, with marvellous secrets for the safe guarding of the possessions which are liable to be harmed by malevolence. The most naïve of these proceedings is undoubtedly the one recorded by Mr. Moseley, lately a member of the *Challenger* expedition, who tells how, at the Admiralty Islands, the chiefs and others were abjectly frightened at a squeaking doll, and signed for it to be taken out of their sight; and expressed a similar fear of goats, which were offered them, saying, "The women would be afraid of them." Indeed, these women were far from being brave; for, when a group was being photographed, the old ones put two long poles transversely between it and themselves, in order to be protected from evil influence.

In China the bride's face is hidden by a long white veil, not unlike that which is still worn by Egyptian women when they venture abroad. The Anglo-Saxons used the "care cloth" on similar occasions. In Germany the bride was likely to be forespoken if eight days before the nuptial ceremony she were to show herself out of her house, or clad in the wedding clothes. The child was liable to death or sickness if, before its christening, it were decked with gold and jewels. Incessant are the cares which the pregnant woman has to take for preserving herself and her precious burden from the malignant influences everywhere busy around her. When the child is just born, as long as it has not been besprinkled with holy water, there is no end to the dangers which beset it, among which the most dreaded is that of the elfins secretly changing it for one of their abominable brood—hideous creatures with wrinkled faces and insatiable stomachs, screaming and gorging but never thriving. Recourse is had to lion's claws, to tiger's teeth, to corals, and other implements with points and edges, as knives, scissors, axes, and nails, for cutting and for breaking the dart of the evil eye. Red clothes, vermilion cloaks, absorb and neutralise its poisonous influences. Blue ribbons, blue gems, are advocated by a few. Aspersions with holy water, with seawater, with the water in which the smiths have cooled their red-hot irons; baths taken by rolling the naked body in the dewy grass when the sun rises over the horizon, are said to operate wonders. The labourer cannot be too wary when the delicate seed shoots into leaves, when in stalk, when in bloom, when in ear, when it ripens, when it is threshed,

when it is winnowed; for, night and day, the evil eye is sleeplessly on the watch. Neither stable, nor barn, nor dairy, are safe from the sinister intentions of envy. The more precious the treasures are, the more liable are they to be lost. Exquisite happiness is frail. Against the smiling bride, against the blithe child, a thousand bows are bent to throw their deadly missiles. Nay, the victorious general who returns in triumph is beset with more dangers when standing in his golden car than he was when he fought on the battle-field.

"Bad luck" is indissolubly connected with the evil eye; people who have bad luck either look with or are looked at by malignant eyes. The train of thought may have been the following: More than once it has happened that two girls, one as good as the other—sisters we may suppose—have married two men, two brothers, equally desirable. Both couples seem to be at par. But, after a while, one seems to have prospered more than the other. By degrees the difference increases; and after ten, twenty, thirty years, the one household will be in easy, and the other in straitened circumstances, nobody knowing exactly why. Now mathematics teach that a multiplicity of causes, each imperceptible in itself, will become apparent when they collect in one group, or operate through a lengthened period; but simple-minded folks, not entering into these delicate considerations, condense in one single agent, which they name "luck," the total of all these causes, themselves infinitely small, which are discernible only by their effects and in the long run. And the idea arose that the universe is going up and down by a seesaw motion, that a grand dualism reigns supreme; that men are lucky or unlucky according to the hour of their birth, according as the moon is growing or waning, as the sun ascends or descends the sky, stands at the zenith or the nadir, as the planets are occultated or as they conjugate with certain constellations. Life is supposed to stream from the East and flow towards the West, the seat of death. Sick people in Ceylon are still turned with their heads to the East as long as there is any hope of recovery; but when the fatal termination approaches, the head is turned to the West. Now, of the two sisters above, she who had the good *luck* was supposed, is still supposed in many countries, to have had the good *look* of a star. Each star is believed to be the seat of a godhead or of a peculiar genius. Even now they are said by Russian peasants to be the eyes, and by the Australians and Polynesians to be the souls, of dead men. It was natural to suppose that the souls which are brought back to earth for being born again while a certain star occupies a dominant place in the firmament, take from that very star the fire of life which is rekindled in them; and that, by the virtue of their common origin, these specks of a same fire are possessed with similar virtues. Thus, the same principle is supposed to pervade the stars and the souls; the same law to preside over all destinies, celestial and terrestrial. That law is that of *Circulus*; death equipoises life, and increase matches decrease. The legends tell us of two

gates of Hades by which the souls enter this world : one is the gate of good-chance, the other of bad-chance ; and of two tanks in which they are dipped, one is filled with the water of strength, the other with the water of debility. All men, all animals, and even the material things are acted upon by auspicious or by inauspicious circumstances ; their lot falls in the sunshine or in the shade. There is not an object, organic or inorganic, which is not marked with either algebraic sign + or — ; everybody, everything, is reckoned as being in the universe a positive or a negative quantity. Such being the general scheme of the world, primitive classifications could not help to make many arbitrary and contradictory distributions, which in the course of time their successors entangled strangely. Hence an embroilment which to the uninitiated appears inextricable ; and the moral sense developing itself by and by, the great question as to the difference between good and bad made the confusion worse confounded. Indeed, it has not been an easy thing for mankind to discriminate between prosperity and morality, between success and virtue, comfort and goodness, riches and probity, might and right, physiologic virility and moral virtue. All these incertitudes have left their traces in magic, the oldest record of human thought.

Magic is, and will remain, a farrago of prodigious nonsense, a *hocus pocus* of all possible absurdities, until philosophers discover the true history of mankind, by the actual sequence of its beliefs, as the geologists have found the history of the globe by ascertaining the series and the composition of the rocky strata in the earth's crust. Nevertheless, to the trained eye of specialists the general outlines of magic disentangle themselves already with a sufficient certainty from a mass of obscure and intricate details. The key to the unknown, or rather to the nearly forgotten language, has been found ; the work of deciphering has begun. Animism unravels the mystery of uncouth fascination which lies at the root of every species of magic. Its most important chapter turns out to be a congeries of devices planned by agriculturists to insure the fertility of their fields and the productiveness of the cattle and flocks. Sterility, as it has been stated above, was ascribed to hungry spirits, an impure brood which fed upon the substance of living organisms. Earth was regarded as the battle-field of two armies, one tending upwards, the other tending downwards ; the one making the sum of things to be more, the other making it to be less. Man's duty—as it was logically and even beautifully impressed by the old Zoroastrian creed, to the intrinsic grandeur and to the importance of which in the development of mankind we are, perhaps, not sufficiently alive—man's duty was to intervene and not to spare his exertions in the good cause. He held sterility in check, he routed and put it to flight by calling to the rescue the spirits of abundance and fertility. Everything which possessed vigour and health, or which recalled only the ideas of blooming fecundity, was supposed to contain or to attract such spirits. In consequence, all symbols

which substantiated these ideas were multiplied everywhere. Representations of bulls, rams, lions, and other powerful animals were of frequent occurrence in public and in private abodes. The sun being worshipped as the highest embodiment of the divine fire, and as the source of the masculine generative energy, the moon being adored in later times as the representative of the female principle, their emblems stocked all possible places. Such symbols are circles, discs, wheels, rings, triangles, simple or double, pentagons, hexagons, crescents, ovals, quadrants, crosses, lozenges, obelisks, pillars, erected stones, staves, peeled sticks, lotus, apples, figs, pomegranates, pearls, boats, arks, pyxes, weavers' shuttles, distaffs surrounded with flax, and what-not. By their diversity and the very frequency of their occurrence they have lost all significance in the eyes of the multitude, and disguise now what they were formerly intended to set forth. But in pristine times the self-speaking emblems were supposed to be the most effective, the crudest were the most favourite. Rude Hermeia were erected at the crossways and Priapi in the orchards, to look on the fields, on the trees. Among the blooming corn processions went, waving palms and citron branches, headed by the most respected matrons, who wore in their bosoms or in wreaths around their heads "fascini," and the *cortège* was closed by that image, carried on wheels, on account of its monstrous size. Hence the ceremony was called *fascinatio*, a word which expressed the most potent of all charms, the most prized of all talismans. For a long time the rite was celebrated with a religious awe, and with a piety not less fervent than that which is shown at the present day in Catholic countries at the "Rogations," which represent the antique ceremony, altered only in few details. But the ancient worshippers knew what they did, and why they did it, and that can be scarcely surmised of our peasants who nail horseshoes on their barns and cow-sheds—of the Russian tradespeople who fasten it at the entrance of their shops, of the Chinese who hang it up in their houses. The emblems have been kept carefully, but their signification has been wholly lost.

We take leave from our readers with the parting words of an Abyssinian: 'Beware, oh, my child! beware of the venomous eyes which delight to wound the fair, to strike at the fairest!'

E. B.

A Broken String.

Sing, and to you ! No—no—with one note jarred

The harmony of Life's long chord is broken,

Your words were light and by light lips were spoken,

And yet the music that you loved is marred.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand,

Strike and it throbs and vibrates at your will.

Falters upon the verge of sound, and still

Falls back as sea waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain

The sweet lost tone. Take what is left, or let

Life's music sleep to Death. Let us forget

The perfect melody we seek in vain—

And yet perchance, some day before we die,

As half in dreams we hear the night wind sweep

Around our windows, when we fain would sleep,

Laden with one long sobbing moaning cry,

One faint, far tone will waken, and will rise

Above the great wave voice of mortal pain ;

Hand will touch hand and lips touch lips again,

As in the darkness it recedes and dies ;—

Or lingering in the summer evening glow,

Then, when the passion of the crimson west

Burning like some great heart that cannot rest,

Stains as with blood the waters as they flow,

Some old forgotten tones may rise and wake

Our dying youth, and set our hearts aflame

With their old sweetness,—to our lips the name

Of Love steal softly, for the old love's sake.

Antinous.

PART I.

VISITORS to picture and sculpture galleries are haunted by the forms of two handsome young men—Sebastian and Antinous. Both were saints; the one of decadent Paganism, the other of mythologising Christianity. According to the popular beliefs to which they owed their canonisation, both suffered death in the bloom of earliest manhood for the faith that burned in them. There is, however, this difference between the two—that whereas Sebastian is a shadowy creature of the pious fancy, Antinous preserves a marked and unmistakable personality. All his statues are distinguished by unchanging characteristics. The pictures of Sebastian vary according to the ideal of adolescent beauty conceived by each successive artist. In the frescoes of Perugino and Luini he shines with the pale pure light of saintliness. On the canvas of Sodoma he reproduces the voluptuous charm of youthful Bacchus, with so much of anguish in his martyred features as may serve to heighten his dæmonic fascination. On the richer panels of the Venetian masters he glows with a flame of earthly passion aspiring heavenward. Under Guido's hand he is a model of mere carnal comeliness. And so forth through the whole range of the Italian painters. We know Sebastian only by his arrows. The case is very different with Antinous. Depicted under diverse attributes—as Hermes of the wrestling-ground, as Aristæus or Vertumnus, as Dionysos or the Agathos Daimôn, as Ganymede, as Herakles, or as a god of ancient Egypt—his individuality is always prominent. No metamorphosis of divinity can change the lineaments he wore on earth. And this difference, so marked in the artistic presentation of the two saints, is no less striking in their several histories. The legend of Sebastian tells us nothing to be relied upon, except that he was a Roman soldier converted to the Christian faith, and martyred. In spite of the perplexity and mystery that involve the death of Antinous in impenetrable gloom, he is a true historic personage, no phantom of myth, but a man as real as Hadrian, his master.

Antinous, as he appears in sculpture, is a young man of eighteen or nineteen years, almost faultless in his form. His beauty is not of a pure Greek type. Though perfectly proportioned and developed by gymnastic exercises to the true athletic fulness, his limbs are round and florid, suggesting the possibility of early over-ripeness. The muscles are not trained to sinewy firmness, but yielding and elastic; the chest is broad

and singularly swelling; and the shoulders are placed so far back from the thorax that the breasts project beyond them in a massive arch. It has been asserted that one shoulder is slightly lower than the other. Some of the busts seem to justify this statement; but the appearance is due probably to the different position of the two arms, one of which, if carried out, would be lifted and the other be depressed. The legs and arms are modelled with exquisite grace of outline; yet they do not show that readiness for active service which is noticeable in the statues of the Meleager, the Apoxyomenos, or the Belvedere Hermes. The whole body combines Greek beauty of structure with something of Oriental voluptuousness. The same fusion of divers elements may be traced in the head. It is not too large, though more than usually broad, and is nobly set upon a massive throat, slightly inclined forwards, as though this posture were habitual; the hair lies thick in clusters, which only form curls at the tips. The forehead is low, and somewhat square; the eyebrows are level, of a peculiar shape, and very thick, converging so closely as almost to meet above the deep-cut eyes. The nose is straight, but blunter than is consistent with the Greek ideal. Both cheeks and chin are delicately formed, but fuller than a severe taste finds perfect: one might trace in their rounded contours either a survival of infantine innocence and immaturity, or else the sign of rapidly approaching over-bloom. The mouth is one of the loveliest ever carved; but here again the blending of the Greek and Oriental types is visible. The lips, half parted, seem to pout; and the distance between mouth and nostrils is exceptionally short. The undefinable expression of the lips, together with the weight of the brows and the slumberous half-closed eyes, gives a look of sulkiness or voluptuousness to the whole face. This, I fancy, is the first impression which the portraits of Antinous produce; and Shelley has well conveyed it by placing the two following phrases, "eager and impassioned tenderness" and "effeminate sullenness," in close juxtaposition.* But, after longer familiarity with the whole range of Antinous' portraits, and after study of his life, we are brought to read the peculiar expression of his face and form somewhat differently. A prevailing melancholy, sweetness of temperament overshadowed by resignation, brooding reverie, the innocence of youth touched and saddened by a calm resolve or an accepted doom—such are the sentences we form to give distinctness to a still vague and uncertain impression. As we gaze, Virgil's lines upon the young Marcellus recur to our mind: what seemed sullen, becomes mournful; the unmistakable voluptuousness is transfigured in tranquillity.

After all is said and written, the statues of Antinous do not render up their secret. Like some of the Egyptian gods with whom he was associated, he remains for us a Sphinx, secluded in the shade of a "mild mystery." His soul, like the Harpocrates he personated, seems

* Fragment, *The Coliseum*.

to hold one finger on closed lips, in token of eternal silence. One thing, however, is certain. We have before us no figment of the artistic fancy, but a real youth of incomparable beauty, just as nature made him, with all the inscrutableness of undeveloped character, with all the pathos of a most untimely doom, with the almost imperceptible imperfections that render choice reality more permanently charming than the ideal. It has been disputed whether the Antinous statues are portraits or idealised works of inventive art; and it is usually conceded that the sculptors of Hadrian's age were not able to produce a new ideal type. Critics, therefore, like Helbig and Overbeck, arrive at the conclusion that Antinous was one of nature's masterpieces, modelled in bronze, marble, and granite with almost flawless technical dexterity. Without attaching too much weight to this kind of criticism, it is well to find the decisions of experts in harmony with the instincts of simple observers. Antinous is as real as any man who ever sat for his portrait to a modern sculptor.

But who was Antinous, and what is known of him? He was a native of Bithynium or Claudiopolis, a Greek town claiming to have been a colony from Arcadia, which was situated near the Sangarius, in the Roman province of Bithynia; therefore he may have had pure Hellenic blood in his veins, or, what is more probable, his ancestry may have been hybrid between the Greek immigrants and the native populations of Asia Minor. Antinous was probably born in the first decade of the second century of our era. About his youth and education we know nothing. He first appears upon the scene of the world's history as Hadrian's friend. Whether the Emperor met with him during his travels in Asia Minor, whether he found him among the students of the University at Athens, or whether the boy had been sent to Rome in his childhood, must remain matter of the merest conjecture. We do not even know for certain whether Antinous was free or a slave. The report that he was one of the Emperor's pages rests upon the testimony of Hegesippus, quoted by a Christian Father, and cannot therefore be altogether relied upon. It receives, however, some confirmation from the fact that Antinous is more than once represented in the company of Hadrian and Trajan in a page's hunting dress upon the bas-reliefs which adorn the Arch of Constantine. The so-called Castor of the Villa Albani is probably of a similar character. Winckelmann, who adopted the tradition as trustworthy, pointed out the similarity between the portraits of Antinous and some lines in Phædrus, which describe a curly-haired *atriensis*. If Antinous took the rank of *atriensis* in the Imperial *pædagogium*, his position would have been, to say the least, respectable; for to these upper servants was committed the charge of the *atrium*, where the Romans kept their family archives, portraits, and works of art. Yet he must have quitted this kind of service some time before his death, since we find him in the company of Hadrian upon one of those long journeys in which an *atriensis* would have had no *atrium* to keep.

By the time of Hadrian's visit to Egypt, Antinous had certainly passed into the closest relationship with his Imperial master; and what we know of the Emperor's inclination toward literary and philosophical society perhaps justifies the belief that the youth he admitted to his friendship had imbibed Greek culture, and had been initiated into those cloudy metaphysics which amused the leisure of semi-Oriental thinkers in the last age of decaying Paganism.

It was a moment in the history of the human mind when East and West were blending their traditions to form the husk of Christian creeds and the fantastic visions of Neoplatonism. Rome herself had received with rapture the strange rites of Nilotic and of Syrian superstition. Alexandria was the forge of fanciful imaginations, the majority of which were destined to pass like clouds and leave not a wrack behind, while a few fastened with the force of dogma on the conscience of awakening Christendom. During Hadrian's reign, it was still uncertain which among the many hybrid products of that motley age would live and flourish; and the Emperor, we know, dreamed fondly of reviving the cults and restoring the splendour of degenerate Hellas. At the same time he was not averse to the more mystic rites of Egypt: in his villa at Tivoli he built a Serapeum, and named one of its quarters Canopus. What part Antinous may have taken in the projects of his friend and master we know not; yet, when we come to consider the circumstances of his death, it may not be superfluous to have thus touched upon the intellectual conditions of the world in which he lived. The mixed blood of the boy, born and bred in a Greek city near the classic ground of Dindymean rites, and his beauty blent of Hellenic and Eastern qualities, may also not unprofitably be remembered. In such a youth, nurtured between Greece and Asia, admitted to the friendship of an emperor for whom Neo-Hellenism was a life's dream in the midst of grave state-cares, influenced by the dark and symbolical creeds of a dimly apprehended East, might there not have lurked some spark of enthusiasm combining the impulses of Atys and Aristogeiton, pathetic even in its inefficiency when censured by the light of modern knowledge, but heroic at that moment in its boundless vista of great deeds to be accomplished?

After journeying through Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, and Arabia, Hadrian, attended by Antinous, came to Egypt. He there restored the tomb of Pompey, near Pelusium, with great magnificence, and shortly afterwards embarked from Alexandria upon the Nile, proceeding on his journey through Memphis into the Thebaid. When he had arrived near an ancient city named Besa, on the right bank of the river, he lost his friend. Antinous was drowned in the Nile. He had thrown himself, it was believed, into the water, seeking thus by a voluntary death to substitute his own life for Hadrian's, and to avert predicted perils from the Roman Empire. What these perils were, and whether Hadrian was ill, or whether an oracle had threatened him with

approaching calamity, we do not know. Even supposition is at fault, because the date of the event is still uncertain; some authorities placing Hadrian's Egyptian journey in the year 122, and others in the year 130 A.D. Of the two dates, the second seems the more probable. We are left to surmise that, if the Emperor was in danger, the recent disturbances which followed a new discovery of Apis, may have exposed him to fanatical conspiracy. The same doubt affects an ingenious conjecture that rumours which reached the Roman Court of a new rising in Judæa had disturbed the Emperor's mind, and led to the belief that he was on the verge of a mysterious doom. He had pacified the Empire and established its administration on a solid basis. Yet the revolt of the indomitable Jews—more dreaded since the days of Titus than any other perturbation of the Imperial economy—would have been enough, especially in Egypt, to engender general uneasiness. However this may have been, the grief of the Emperor, intensified either by gratitude or remorse, led to the immediate canonisation of Antinous. The city where he died was rebuilt and named after him. His worship as a hero and as god spread far and wide throughout the provinces of the Mediterranean. A new star, which appeared about the time of his decease, was supposed to be his soul received into the company of the immortals. Medals were struck in his honour, and countless works of art were produced to make his memory undying. Great cities wore wreaths of red lotos on his feast-day in commemoration of the manner of his death. Public games were celebrated in his honour at the city Antinoë, and also in Arcadian Mantinea. This canonisation may probably have taken place in the fourteenth year of Hadrian's reign, A.D. 130.* Antinous continued to be worshipped until the reign of Valentinian.

Thus far I have told a simple story, as though the details of the youth's last days were undisputed. Still we are as yet but on the threshold of the subject. All that we have any right to take for uncontested is that Antinous passed from this life near the city of Besa, called thereafter Antinoopolis or Antinoë. Whether he was drowned by accident, whether he drowned himself in order to save Hadrian by vicarious suffering, or whether Hadrian sacrificed him in order to extort the secrets of fate from blood-propitiated deities, remains a question buried in the deepest gloom. With a view to throwing such light as is possible upon the matter, we must proceed to summon in their order the most trustworthy authorities among the ancients.

*Overbeck, Hausrath, and Mommsen, following apparently the conclusions arrived at by Flemmer in his work on Hadrian's journeys, place it in 130 A.D. This would leave an interval of only eight years between the deaths of Antinous and Hadrian. It may here be observed that two medals of Antinous, referred by Rasche with some hesitation to the Egyptian series, bear the dates of the eighth and ninth years of Hadrian's reign. If these coins are genuine, and if we accept Flemmer's conclusions, they must have been struck in the lifetime of Antinous. Neither of them represents Antinous with the insignia of deity: one gives the portrait of Hadrian upon the reverse.

Dion Cassius takes precedence. In compiling his life of Hadrian, he had beneath his eyes the Emperor's own *Commentaries*, published under the name of the freedman Phlegon. We therefore learn from him at least what the friend of Antinous wished the world to know about his death; and though this does not go for much, since Hadrian is himself an accused person in the suit, before us, yet the whole Roman Empire may be said to have accepted his account, and based on it a pious cult that held its own through the next three centuries of growing Christianity. Dion, in the abstract of his history compiled by Xiphilinus, speaks then to this effect: "In Egypt he also built the city named after Antinous. Now Antinous was a native of Bithynium, a city of Bithynia, which we also call Claudiopolis. He was Hadrian's favourite, and he died in Egypt: whether by having fallen into the Nile, as Hadrian writes, or by having been sacrificed, as the truth was. For Hadrian, as I have said, was in general overmuch given to superstitious subtleties, and practised all kinds of sorceries and magic arts. At any rate he so honoured Antinous, whether because of the love he felt for him, or because he died voluntarily, since a willing victim was needed for his purpose, that he founded a city in the place where he met this fate, and called it after him, and dedicated statues, or rather images, of him in, so to speak, the whole inhabited world. Lastly, he affirmed that a certain star which he saw was the star of Antinous, and listened with pleasure to the myths, invented by his companions, about this star having really sprung from the soul of his favourite, and having then for the first time appeared. For which things he was laughed at."

We may now hear what Spartian, in his *Vita Hadriani*, has to say:—"He lost his favourite, Antinous, while sailing on the Nile, and lamented him like a woman. About Antinous reports vary, for some say that he devoted his life for Hadrian, while others hint what his condition seems to prove, as well as Hadrian's excessive inclination to luxury. Some Greeks, at the instance of Hadrian, canonised him, asserting that oracles were given by him, which Hadrian himself is supposed to have made up."

In the third place comes Aurelius Victor:—"Others maintain that this sacrifice of Antinous was both pious and religious; for when Hadrian was wishing to prolong his life, and the magicians required a voluntary vicarious victim, they say that, upon the refusal of all others, Antinous offered himself."

These are the chief authorities. In estimating them we must remember that, though Dion Cassius wrote less than a century after the event narrated, he has come down to us merely in fragments and in the epitome of a Byzantine of the twelfth century A.D., when everything that could possibly be done to discredit the worship of Antinous, and to blacken the memory of Hadrian, had been attempted by the Christian Fathers. On the other hand, Spartianus and Aurelius Victor compiled their histories at too distant a date to be of first-rate value. Taking

the three reports together, we find that antiquity differed about the details of Antinous' death. Hadrian himself averred that his friend was drowned; and it was surmised that he had drowned himself in order to prolong his master's life. The courtiers, however, who had scoffed at Hadrian's fondness for his favourite, and had laughed to see his sorrow for his death, somewhat illogically came to the conclusion that Antinous had been immolated by the Emperor, either because a victim was needed to prolong his life, or because some human sacrifice was required in order to complete a dark mysterious magic rite. Dion, writing not very long after the event, believed that Antinous had been immolated for some such purpose with his own consent. Spartian, who wrote at the distance of more than a century, felt uncertain about the question of self-devotion; but Aurelius Victor, following after the interval of another century, unhesitatingly adopted Dion's view, and gave it a fresh colour. This opinion he summarised in a compact, authoritative form, upon which we may perhaps found an assumption that the belief in Antinous, as a self-devoted victim, had been gradually growing through two centuries.

There are therefore three hypotheses to be considered. The first is that Antinous died an accidental death by drowning; the second is, that Antinous, in some way or another, gave his life willingly for Hadrian's; the third is, that Hadrian ordered his immolation in the performance of magic rites.

For the first of the three hypotheses we have the authority of Hadrian himself, as quoted by Dion. The simple words *εἰς τὸν Νεῖλον ἐκπεσὼν* imply no more than accidental death; and yet, if the Emperor had believed the story of his favourite's self-devotion, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have recorded it in his *Memoirs*. Accepting this view of the case, we must refer the deification of Antinous wholly to Hadrian's affection; and the tales of his *devotio* may have been invented partly to flatter the Emperor's grief, partly to explain its violence to the Roman world. This hypothesis seems, indeed, by far the most natural of the three; and if we could strip the history of Antinous of its mysterious and mythic elements, it is rational to believe that we should find his death a simple accident. Yet our authorities prove that writers of history among the ancients wavered between the two other theories of (i.) Self-Devotion and (ii.) Immolation, with a bias toward the latter. These, then, have now to be considered with some attention. Both, it may parenthetically be observed, relieve Antinous from a moral stigma, since in either case a pure untainted victim was required.

If we accept the former of the two remaining hypotheses, we can understand how love and gratitude, together with sorrow, led Hadrian to canonise Antinous. If we accept the latter, Hadrian's sorrow itself becomes inexplicable; and we must attribute the foundation of Antinous and the deification of Antinous to remorse. It may be added, while balancing these two solutions of the problem, that cynical sophists, like

Hadrian's Græculi, were likely to have put the worst construction on the Emperor's passion, and to have invented the worst stories concerning the favourite's death. To perpetuate these calumnious reports was the real interest of the Christian apologists, who not unnaturally thought it scandalous that a handsome page should be deified. Thus, at first sight, the balance of probability inclines toward the former of the two solutions, while the second may be rejected as based upon court-gossip and religious animosity. Attention may also again be called to the fact that Hadrian ventured to publish an account of Antinous quite inconsistent with what Dion chose to call the truth, and that virtuous emperors like the Antonines did not interfere with a cult, which, had it been paid to the mere victim of Hadrian's passion and his superstition, would have been an infamy even in Rome. Moreover, that cult was not, like the creations of the impious emperors, forgotten or destroyed by public acclamation. It took root and flourished, apparently, as we shall see, because it satisfied some craving of the popular religious sense, and because the people believed that this man had died for his friend. It will not, however, do to dismiss the two hypotheses so lightly.

The alternative of self-devotion presents itself under a double aspect. Antinous may either have committed suicide by drowning with the intention of prolonging the Emperor's life, or he may have offered himself as a voluntary victim to the magicians who required a sacrifice for a similar purpose. Spartan's brief phrase, *aliis eum devotum pro Hadriano*, may seem to point to the first form of self-devotion; the testimony of Aurelius Victor clearly supports the second: yet it does not much matter which of the two explanations we adopt. The point is whether Antinous gave his life willingly to save the Emperor's, or whether he was murdered for the satisfaction of some superstitious curiosity. It was absolutely necessary that the vicarious victim should make a free and voluntary oblation of himself. That the notion of vicarious suffering was familiar to the ancients, is sufficiently attested by the phrases *ἀντιψυχοί*, *ἀντανέροι*, and *hostia succidanea*. We find traces of it in the legend of Alcestis, who died for Admetus, and of Cheiron, who took the place of Prometheus in Hades. Suetonius records that in the first days of Caligula's popularity, when he was labouring under dangerous illness, many Romans of both sexes vowed their lives for his recovery in temples of the gods. That this superstition retained a strong hold on the popular imagination in the time of Hadrian, is proved by the curious affirmation of Aristides, a contemporary of that Emperor. He says that once, when he was ill, a certain Philumene offered her soul for his soul, her body for his body, and that, upon his own recovery, she died. On the same testimony it appears that her brother Hermeas had also died for Aristides. This faith in the efficacy of substitution is persistent in the human race. Not long ago, a Christian lady was supposed to have vowed her own life for the prolongation of that of Pope Pius IX., and good Catholics inclined to the belief that

the sacrifice had been accepted. We shall see that in the first centuries of Christendom the popular conviction that Antinous had died for Hadrian brought him into inconvenient rivalry with Christ, whose vicarious suffering was the cardinal point of the new creed.

The alternative of immolation has next to be considered. The question before us here is : Did Hadrian sacrifice Antinous for the satisfaction of a superstitious curiosity, and in the performance of magic rites? Dion Cassius uses the word *ἱεραυργηθεῖς*, and explains it by saying that Hadrian needed a voluntary human victim for the accomplishment of an act of divination in which he was engaged. Both Spartian and Dion speak emphatically of the Emperor's proclivities to the black art; and all antiquity agreed about this trait in his character. Ammianus Marcellinus spoke of him as "*futurorum sciscitationi nimis deditum*." Tertullian described him as "*curiositatum omnium exploratorem*." To multiply such phrases would, however, be superfluous, for they are probably mere repetitions from the text of Dion. That human victims were used by the Romans of the Empire seems certain. Lampridius, in the *Life of Heliogabalus*, records his habit of slaying handsome and noble youths, in order that he might inspect their entrails. Eusebius, in his *Life of Maxentius*, asserts the same of that Emperor. *Quum inspiceret ex ta puerilia, νεογνῶν σπλάγχνα βρέφῶν διερευνομένου*, are the words used by Lampridius and Eusebius. Justin Martyr speaks of *ἐποπτεῖσθαι παίδων ἀδιαφθόρων*. Caracalla and Julian are credited with similar bloody sacrifices. Indeed, it may be affirmed in general that tyrants have ever been eager to foresee the future and to extort her secrets from fate, stopping short at no crime in the attempt to quiet a corroding anxiety for their own safety. What we read about Italian despots—Ezzelino da Romano, Sigismondo Malatesta, Filippo Maria Visconti, and Pier Luigi Farnese—throws light upon the practice of their Imperial predecessors; while the mysterious murder of the beautiful Astorre Manfredi by the Borgias in Hadrian's Mausoleum has been referred by modern critics of authority to the same unholy curiosity. That Hadrian laboured under this moral disease, and that he deliberately used the body of Antinous for *extispicium*, is, I think, Dion's opinion. But are we justified in reckoning Hadrian among these tyrants? That must depend upon our view of his character.

Hadrian was a man in whom the most conflicting qualities were blent. In his youth and through his whole life he was passionately fond of hunting, hardy, simple in his habits, marching bareheaded with his legions through German frost and Nubian heat, sharing the food of his soldiers, and exercising the most rigid military discipline. At the same time he has aptly been described as "the most sumptuous character of antiquity." He filled the cities of the Empire with showy buildings, and passed his last years in a kind of classic Munich, where he had constructed imitations of every celebrated monument in Europe. He was so far fond of nature that, anticipating the most recently developed of modern tastes,

he ascended Mount Ætna and the Mons Casius, in order to enjoy the spectacle of sunrise. In his villa at Tivoli he indulged a trivial fancy by christening one garden Tempe and another the Elysian Fields; and he had his name carved on the statue of the vocal Memnon with no less gusto than a modern tourist: *audivi voces divinas*. His memory was prodigious, his eloquence in the Latin language studied and yet forcible, his knowledge of Greek literature and philosophy far from contemptible. He enjoyed the society of sophists and distinguished rhetoricians, and so far affected authorship as to win the unenviable title of *Græculus* in his own lifetime: yet he never neglected state affairs. Owing to his untiring energy and vast capacity for business, he not only succeeded in reorganising every department of the Empire, social, political, fiscal, military, and municipal; but he also held in his own hands the threads of all its complicated machinery. He was strict in matters of routine, and appears to have been almost a martinet among his legions: yet in social intercourse he lived on terms of familiarity with inferiors, combining the graces of elegant conversation with the *bonhomie* of boon companionship, displaying a warm heart to his friends, and using magnificent generosity. He restored the social as well as the military discipline of the Roman world; and his code of laws lasted till Justinian. Among many of his useful measures of reform, he issued decrees restricting the power of masters over their slaves, and depriving them of their old capital jurisdiction. His biographers find little to accuse him of beyond a singular avidity for fame, addition to magic arts, and luxurious vices: yet they adduce no proof of his having, at any rate before the date of his final retirement to his Tiburtine villa, shared the crimes of a Nero or a Commodus. On the whole, we must recognise in Hadrian a nature of extraordinary energy, capacity for administrative government, and mental versatility. A certain superficiality, vulgarity, and commonplaceness seems to have been forced upon him by the circumstances of his age, no less than by his special temperament. This quality of the immitigable commonplace is clearly written on his many portraits. Their chief interest consists in a fixed expression of fatigue—as though the man were weary with much seeking and with little finding. In all things he was somewhat of a dilettante; and the Nemesis of that sensibility to impressions which distinguishes the dilettante came upon him ere he died. He ended his days in an appalling and persistent paroxysm of *ennui*, desiring the death which would not come to his relief.

The whole creative and expansive force of Hadrian's century lay concealed in the despised Christian sect. Art was expiring in a sunset blaze of gorgeous imitation, tasteless grandeur, technical elaboration. Philosophy had become sophistical or mystic; its real life survived only in the phrase "*entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren*" of the Stoics. Literature was repetitive and scholastic. Tacitus, Suetonius, Plutarch, and Juvenal indeed were living; but their work formed the last great literary triumph of the age. Religion had degenerated under the

twofold influences of scepticism and intrusive foreign cults. It was, in truth, an age in which, for a sound heart and manly intellect, there lay no proper choice except between the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius and the Christianity of the Catacombs. All else had passed into shams, unrealities, and visions. Now Hadrian was neither stoical nor Christian: He was a *Græculus*. In that contemptuous epithet, stripping it of its opprobrious significance, we find the real key to his character. In a failing age he lived a restless-minded, many-sided soldier-prince, whose inner hopes and highest aspirations were for Hellas. Hellas, her art, her history, her myths, her literature, her lovers, her young heroes filled him with enthusiasm. To rebuild her ruined cities, to restore her deities, to revive her golden life of blended poetry and science, to reconstruct her spiritual empire as he had reorganised the Roman world, was Hadrian's dream. It was indeed a dream; one which a far more creative genius than Hadrian's could not have realised.

But now, returning to the two alternatives regarding his friend's death: was this philo-Hellenic Emperor the man to have immolated Antinous for *extispicium* and then deified him? Probably not. The discord between this bloody act and subsequent hypocrisy upon the one hand, and Hadrian's Greek sympathies upon the other, must be reckoned too strong for even such a dipsychic character as his. There is nothing in either Spartian or Dion to justify the opinion that he was naturally cruel or fantastically deceitful. On the other hand, Hadrian's philo-Hellenic, splendour-loving, somewhat tawdry, fame-desiring nature was precisely of the sort to jump eagerly at the deification of a favourite who had either died a natural death or killed himself to save his master. Hadrian had loved Antinous with a Greek passion in his lifetime. The Roman Emperor was half a god. He remembered how Zeus had loved Ganymede, and raised him to Olympus; how Achilles had loved Patroclus, and performed his funeral rites at Troy; how the demigod Alexander had loved Hephæstion, and lifted him into a hero's seat on high. He, Hadrian, would do the like, now that death had robbed him of his comrade. The Roman, who surrounded himself at Tivoli with copies of Greek temples, and who called his garden Tempe, played thus at being Zeus, Achilles, Alexander; and the civilised world humoured his whim. Though the sophists scoffed at his real grief and honourable tears, they consecrated his lost favourite, found out a star for him, carved him in breathing brass, and told tales about his sacred flower. Pancrates was entertained in Alexandria at the public cost for his fable of the lotos; and the lyrist Mesomedes received so liberal a pension for his hymn to Antinous that Antoninus Pius found it needful to curtail it.

After weighing the authorities, considering the circumstances of the age, and estimating Hadrian's character, I am thus led to reject the alternative of immolation. Spartian's own words, *quem muliebriter flevit*, as well as the subsequent acts of the Emperor and the acquiescence of the whole world in the new deity, prove to my mind that in the sug-

gestion of *extispicium* we have one of those covert calumnies which it is impossible to set aside at this distance of time; and which render the history of Roman Emperors and Popes almost impracticable.

The case, then, stands before us thus. Antinous was drowned in the Nile near Bessa, either by accident or by voluntary suicide to save his master's life. Hadrian's love for him had been unmeasured, so was his grief. Both of them were genuine; but in the nature of the man there was something artificial. He could not be content to love and grieve alone; he must needs enact the part of Alexander, and realise, if only by a sort of makebelieve, a portion of his Greek ideal. Antinous, the beautiful servant, was to take the place of Ganymede, of Patroclus, of Hephæstion; never mind if Hadrian was a Roman and his friend a Bithynian, and if the love between them, as between an emperor of fifty and a boy of nineteen, had been less than heroic. The opportunity was too fair to be missed; the rôle too fascinating to be rejected. The world, in spite of covert sneers, lent itself to the sham, and Antinous became a god.

The uniformly contemptuous tone of antique authorities almost obliges us to rank this deification of Antinous, together with the Tiburtine villa and the dream of a Hellenic Renaissance, among the part-shams, part-enthusiasms of Hadrian's "sumptuous" character. Spartian's account of the consecration, and his hint that Hadrian composed the oracles delivered at his favourite's tomb; Arrian's letter to the Emperor describing the island Leukè, and flattering him by an adroit comparison with Achilles; the poem by Pancrates mentioned in the *Deipnosophistæ*, which furnished the myth of a new lotos dedicated to Antinous; the invention of the star, and Hadrian's conversations with his courtiers on this subject—all converge to form the belief that something of consciously unreal mingled with this act of apotheosis by Imperial decree. Hadrian sought to assuage his grief by paying his favourite illustrious honours after death; he also desired to give the memory of his own love the most congenial and poetical environment, to feed upon it in the daintiest places, and to deck it with the prettiest flowers of fancy. He therefore canonised Antinous, and took measures for disseminating his cult throughout the world, careless of the element of imposture which might seem to mingle with the consecration of his true affection. Hadrian's superficial taste was not offended by the gimcrack quality of the new god; and Antinous was saved from being a merely pinchbeck saint by his own charming personality.

This will not, however, wholly satisfy the conditions of the problem; and we are obliged to ask ourselves whether there was not something in the character of Antinous himself, something divinely inspired and irradiate with spiritual beauty, apparent to his fellows and remembered after his mysterious death, which justified his canonisation, and removed it from the region of Imperial makebelieve. If this was not the case, if Antinous died like a flower cropped from the garden of the court-

pages, how should the Emperor in the first place have bewailed him and the people afterwards have received him as a god? May it not have been that he was a youth of more than ordinary promise, gifted with intellectual enthusiasms proportioned to his beauty and endowed with something of Phœbean inspiration, who, had he survived, might have even inaugurated a new age for the world, or have emulated the heroism of Hypatia in a hopeless cause? Was the link between him and Hadrian formed less by the boy's beauty than by his marvellous capacity for apprehending and his fitness for realising the Emperor's Greek dreams? Did the spirit of Neoplatonism find in him congenial incarnation? At any rate, was there not enough in the then current beliefs about the future of the soul, as abundantly set forth in Plutarch's writings, to justify a conviction that he had already passed into the lunar sphere, awaiting the final apotheosis of purged spirits in the sun? These questions may be asked—indeed, they must be asked—for, without suggesting them, we leave the worship of Antinous an almost inexplicable scandal, an almost unintelligible blot on human nature. Unless we ask them, we must be content to echo the coarse and violent diatribes of Clemens Alexandrinus against the vigils of the deified *exoletus*. But they cannot be answered, for antiquity is altogether silent about him; only here and there, in the indignant utterance of a Christian Father, stung to the quick by Pagan parallels between Antinous and Christ, do we catch a perverted echo of the popular emotion upon which his cult reposed, which recognised his godhood or his vicarious self-sacrifice, and which paid enduring tribute to the sublimity of his young life untimely quenched.

[To be continued]

The Polish Alps.

POLAND is about the last country to which one thinks of going for mountain scenery. Prussia is flat enough; but Prussia has got the Hartz. Russia is worse; yet Russia, as we have learned to know, is bounded by the Caucasus, which exceeds in height and scarcely yields in beauty to the Swiss Alps. But Poland suggests only boundless plains and monotonous forests, muddy rivers winding slowly through long tracts of marsh into a shallow sea. Such romance as the country has to most of us it derives from its sufferings, and from the vision of bands of insurgents eluding the pursuit of Russian columns in the depths of those pathless woods.

Nevertheless, Poland has a mountain region, and a very noble and beautiful region it is. Only let it be remembered that to the geographer Poland does not mean merely the Poland of this century, which has now been made politically a part of Russia, but old Poland as it stood before the partition; or, to be more exact, that country in which the Polish race dwells, and over which the Polish tongue is still spoken. That is to say, Poland includes Galicia, now a province of the Austrian Empire; but in tongue, religion, habits, history, and sentiment just as representative of old Poland as Warsaw itself. And it is in Galicia that these Polish Alps lie, of which I am going to give some short description. Some seventy miles to the S.S.W. of Krakow, the hills which lie on the borders of Galicia and Hungary rise into a group or ridge of bold and lofty mountains which the Germans generally call the Central Carpathians, but which the natives know by the Slavonic name of Tatra. This mountain mass—which contains in a small area a great variety of scenery, and an extraordinary number of interesting peaks, lakes, and valleys—is most easily reached from the south, where a railway skirts it. But a much more interesting approach is from the north or Polish side, through the grand old city of Krakow.

Krakow is so little visited by Englishmen—so very little that when an unmistakable stranger is seen in the streets, conjecture can assign him no origin more distant than Berlin—that some account of it may not be unwelcome. It belongs to that melancholy but interesting class of cities of which Edinburgh, Dublin, Toledo, Venice, Trondhjem, and Kiev are examples—cities that have once been, but are no longer, capitals of independent States. Such cities have about them a twofold attraction. They have that air of having seen better days, of having enjoyed a pomp and power that have departed, which lends dignity even to commonplace

externals, and gives an interest to what might otherwise be mean. The fragrance of autumn, the subtle charm of decay, hangs round them. And then the very fact that their growth has usually been checked when or soon after they reached their meridian, has enabled them to preserve many traces of antiquity, which, in more prosperous towns, where old buildings are destroyed to make way for new, would have long since perished. In a city like Milan or Cologne every fourth or fifth generation pulls down the dwellings, the warehouses, even often the churches of its forefathers, to erect bigger or more commodious ones in their stead. London is the most conspicuous example of such ruin. But Krakow, like most of those sister cities just referred to, lost her great position as a capital quite suddenly, and has since then been nothing more than a provincial town, a sort of magnified county town, with few industries and only a moderate trade. Hence the old things have stood; and though, to be sure, private houses have been modernised, still the antique character of the place has suffered very little.

Krakow is the most distinctively Polish city in all the region which once was Poland. Warsaw is a recent and upstart place by comparison. It did not become the seat of government till the seventeenth century, and of late years it has been to some extent Russified. But the older city is still thoroughly national. The Polish language is the official speech, the traditions of the departed monarchy cling round the Cathedral where the national heroes lie buried, and the Castle, where the kings of the older dynasties held their barbaric feasts.

Krakow lies near the southern edge of a vast plain—that vast plain that stretches all the way northward to the Baltic, and eastward to the Ural Mountains. On the south the country, at first gently undulating, rises by degrees into high hills, whose tops, some twenty or thirty miles distant, give a blue background to the landscape. It is a well-cultivated country, with patches of forest here and there, but, in the main, of open arable and pasture land, dotted over with frequent villages. Across the plain, and just washing the city, flows the broad and sluggish Vistula, too muddy for beauty, too shallow for much navigation, but still with an air of dignity about it not unworthy of the national river of Poland. Within, the aspect of the city is curiously different from that of the German towns which the traveller has lately left. The streets are wider and more straight, and in the centre there is a great open square somewhat like the Meidan of the East, where fairs are held, and round which the best shops and the chief cafés are planted. The houses are tall and solid; some of them look as if they had been, and indeed probably were, the palaces of that turbulent old nobility whose descendants have now been reduced to poverty, or cherish in a hopeless exile their memories of departed greatness. The hotel in which we stayed was one of these—a tall pile with walls thick enough for a mediæval castle, broad stone staircases, a great gallery running on each floor round a courtyard, and lofty chambers in which one felt lost at night. The churches, whose

bells clang without ceasing, have the same air of grand but somewhat ponderous gloom. Architecturally they are not very striking, and more interesting from the beautiful glass and the wood-carvings which one or two of them contain than from any peculiarities of their style, which is that of East Germany. One has frequent occasion to remark in these countries for how much more the influence of religion may count than does the influence of race. As Catholics who had got their Christianity from the West, the Slavonic Poles, like the Slavonic Bohemians, looked always towards the West, and were in intimate ecclesiastical as well as political relations with Germany and Hungary. They were, indeed, for a long time dependent on the Germanic Empire. Their churches, therefore, are of a German Gothic, and were probably designed by German builders; while their kinsfolk, the Russians, having been converted by missionaries of the Orthodox Eastern Church, belonged to an utterly different sphere, and followed the models of Constantinople in architecture and art as well as in discipline and ritual. The Cathedral of Krakow (which has been the seat of an archbishop for many centuries) stands on the only height in the city—a steep bluff overlooking the Vistula, and commanding a splendid prospect to the north and east along its winding shores. This bluff was probably the first inhabited part of the city, and very likely the fortified kernel round which it grew up. It is in fact an Acropolis, well placed both for defence and to command the navigation of the river. The top of the hill is covered by the palace of the kings, a huge but rather ugly mass of buildings, no part of which looks older than the sixteenth century, while most of it is evidently later. It has now been turned into a barrack, and its dull stuccoed courts and interminable galleries are full of white-coated soldiers lounging about and chattering in all the tongues which an Austrian army speaks. Close to the palace, and squeezed in between it and the edge of the abrupt hill-slope, is the Cathedral. It is a small church, which would go inside the nave of York Minster, and its exterior is ungainly. But its historical associations more than make up for any want of visible majesty. It teems with monuments that call up the greatest names, the most striking incidents, in the long story of Poland's greatness and decay. It is the Westminster Abbey of the Polish people. The high altar is adorned by a sumptuous silver shrine under which rest the bones of St. Stanislas, the martyred patron saint of the nation, who was Bishop of Krakow, and slain by a ferocious king in the eleventh century. The chapels on both sides were most of them erected by one or other of the great families, and contain busts of them and pictures representing famous scenes in Polish history. One has a superb *Christ* by Thorwaldsen. In the crypt beneath, to which you descend down a staircase whose top is covered by a brazen trap-door, are the tombs of the kings, their wives and children. You are led with flickering candles through a labyrinth of chilly vaults, and faintly discern amid the gloom the huge sarcophagi within which lie the

bones of forgotten potentates—potentates whose very names the Western traveller has scarcely heard, but who ruled a kingdom larger than France, a kingdom that stretched from the Oder to the Dnieper. The earlier tombs, beginning from the twelfth century, are very rude, and all are plain and massive. Only two uncrowned heroes have been admitted into this royal sepulchre, the last two heroes of the nation—and are they to be its last?—Kosciuszko and Poniatowski. They lie in the central vault, on either side of the coffin of John Sobieski. But the spot in the church which speaks most of all to a Polish heart is the main chapel of the choir immediately behind the altar of St. Stanislas. Here Polish sovereigns were crowned from the first building of the Cathedral down till the melancholy end. Here are set, facing each other, two chairs of state. The one is the archiepiscopal chair of Krakow; the other is the throne of the king of Poland, the throne that has so long stood empty, and is never to be filled again. Its gilding is tarnished; and the dust lies thick upon the faded red silk that covers it. In this bare and silent chapel, which once echoed to the shouts of the assembled nobles, it is the most pathetic emblem of the extinction of a powerful kingdom and the enslavement of a gifted people.

There are not many sights in Krakow; and if there were, I should not attempt to describe them, since nothing is duller than the guidebook-like enumeration of details, into which one slides in trying to be exhaustive. Still the Jewish town ought to be mentioned, for the Jews are the most striking feature in the population of the city. They were, as old writers say, brought hither by King Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century, and settled in the suburb, which they still inhabit, and which is called from him the Casimir city. It is altogether unlike the inner city, with streets wider, houses comparatively low and mean, and an indescribable air of dirt and squalor pervading everything. There is an immense bustle of buying and selling going on—a sort of perpetual Rag Fair—chiefly in wearing-apparel, but also in all sorts of articles of domestic utility, furniture, pots and pans, shovels and gridirons, pottery (all cheap and ugly), and small groceries. The dealers are mostly outside their doors, where indeed the greater part of the wares are displayed, and solicit the passer-by in Polish, Hebrew, or, more rarely, German. There are altogether in Krakow, whose total population amounts to 40,000, over 12,000 Jews. The great majority are Orthodox or Rabbinical, and are distinguishable by their long straight coats of cloth or alpaca, coming almost to the ankles, tall and narrow-brimmed hats, and little wispy curls on either side of the face. Such a hideous dress creates a prejudice against them, which is in large measure unjust, for they are a valuable element in the population of Poland, and get on better with the Christians than is the case further east, or even in Germany. A few have begun to drop the peculiar dress, with the strict observance of the Law, and may before long be absorbed in the body of the people. Though the race would seem to have kept pretty much to itself all these centuries, there is

a great diversity of complexion among these Polish Jews. Many are fair in face ; some have sandy hair ; but the characteristic features are seldom absent. In Poland, as elsewhere, they are townsfolk, never settling down to till the soil ; and their bustling activity makes them seem even more numerous in Krakow than they really are, so that a stranger might fancy it a Jewish city. It is by no means stagnant or decaying ; for the converging railways and its position in a fertile country make it a place of considerable trade. But this hardly qualifies the air of melancholy that broods over it. The Poles are by nature, like their nearest relations the Bohemians, a bright and vivacious people. Those who know the Slavonic race best generally agree in holding them to be its most highly gifted branch. And here in Galicia they do not seem to have much misgovernment to complain of, nor perhaps anything more than the pedantry, formalism, and backwardness which characterise Austrian rule everywhere. The Polish tongue reigns, and Poles are freely admitted to the best posts under Government which industry and talent can win. Nevertheless, the sense of the past, of the downfall of their monarchy, and the apparently destined extinction of their nationality, seems to lie like a load upon their souls. Krakow, with its grand old houses, its picturesque crowds, its pleasant gardens engirdling the houses, its bells chiming ceaselessly in the clear summer air, is withal a place of sadness.

There are two excursions which every visitor is expected to take, on pain of being regarded as contemptuous of national feeling. The first is to the Hill of Kosciuszko, and it has the merit of being short and easy. Three steep mounds or hills rise from the plain near the city : one is called the Krakus Hill, from a mythical Krakus who slew dragons and gave his name to the town ; another is named from some female heroine of legend ; and the third, which lies about two miles off, has received its name from a lofty mound of earth, which was heaped up on the top of it in honour of the patriot after his death. Nobles, burghers, ladies, laboured with their own hands in piling it up ; bags and baskets filled with earth were brought from every part of the dominions of the ancient Polish kingdom to be added to the heap ; and thus it was raised in a steep grass-covered cone to a height of about eighty feet above the top of the hill. You approach it through the strong walls of the fort which crowns the hill—one of several that protect Krakow—and ascend the conical mound by spiral paths. On the summit is a huge boulder of gneiss, with the single word "Kosciuszkow" carved upon it. The prospect is magnificent ; and most so at sunset, when we saw it, blue ridges rising one behind another to the south, the towers and spires of the city glittering under the dying light, and the smooth stream winding through gardens and hamlets and happy autumn fields till it is lost beyond the Russian frontier in the boundless plain. Looking over that plain, looking from the stone inscribed with Kosciuszko's name, over the country for which he and so many others bled in vain, one is

reminded of the Greek saying that the whole earth is the tomb of famous men, and understands the feeling which planted on this commanding height so noble and so simple a monument to the last hero of the nation.

The other expedition that must be made from Krakow is to those enormous salt-mines, stretching over, or rather under, many miles of land, by which it is chiefly known to the world at large. They are at a place called Wielicza, about seven miles from the city. Having seen many salt-mines before, having been heartily bored by them, and being moreover of an indolent turn of mind, I at first refused to go. However, I was blessed with the company of two energetic friends; one of whom has seen most things in Europe and Asia, and is not satisfied yet. He represented that it is a piece of presumption for an individual traveller to attempt to be wiser than the rest of the world, who have agreed that certain sights must be seen, and clinched his arguments by declaring that anyhow he would go himself. Knowing how defenceless is the position of a man who has not seen what his companions have, I submitted forthwith. And he was quite right, for the mines are well worth visiting. Not that there is anything of special interest either in the geological or mineralogical way, or in the science of mining; at least, if there is, we were not shown it. But some of the effects are wonderfully fine. You are admitted on two days in each week, and then in a large party, thirty or forty at least, a pretty heavy charge being made for the illuminations. After descending some 400 feet, you are led through long dark passages from one huge vaulted hall to another; sometimes looking up from beneath to a roof almost lost in gloom, again looking down from an aperture near the top of one of these chambers upon lamps glittering faintly far below. In several of the largest halls Bengal lights are burnt and rockets let off—a cockneyfied sort of thing, one may say; but when one of these vast caverns suddenly starts into full light, and its countless crystals flash upon you from walls and roof, the imagination is touched in no common way. You think of the Hall of Eblis in *Vathek*; or those subterranean palaces of the *Arabian Nights* where the treasures of the Jinn lie concealed; or Virgil's vaguely grand descriptions of the lower world. At one point the low dark corridor emerges on the edge of a deep pool, where a barge lies which takes some of the visitants, and moves silently with them across the black water and under an arch of rock into a second pool, till the lights and voices are almost lost in the distance. It was Charon and the Styx to the life—if one can talk of life in such a connection.

He who would reach the Polish Alps from Krakow has two courses open to him. He may go by railway, making a circuit of a whole day's journey by way of Oderberg to reach their southern foot; or he may hire a vehicle, and, after driving for a long day and a half, find himself at their northern base. Wishing to see something of Galician country, we chose the latter plan, sending round our baggage by the train, and retaining only such light things as could be carried over the mountains,

The vehicle we procured was the usual peasant's waggon of Central Europe. It is a long, low, narrow, springless cart, with low wattled sides and four small wheels, having a kind of framework over it, by which you can cover the top and sides with canvas, and so obtain some protection against both sun and rain. The inside is filled with hay, reclining upon which you suffer less than might be expected from the bumping and jolting. One of us sat beside the driver on a board fixed across the cart; the other two ensconced themselves behind in the hay; while at the tail-end of all was placed the baggage. Two horses are harnessed to this contrivance with some bits of rotten rope, which require mending every hour or two; and with much noise and shaking, one accomplishes, on level ground, about four or five miles an hour. It must be rather trying to the vertebræ on a long journey; but is quite endurable for a day and a half, and has, withal, so much of "local colour" about it that one feels bound not to complain of the discomfort. However, I don't recommend it for invalids or ladies.

We set off at half-past 5 A.M., in a fog so dense that we narrowly escaped several collisions with other waggons which were coming in to market in a long string; nor did the sun shine out till, about half-past seven o'clock, we reached the first halting-place, a village nine miles from Krakow. As the same horses are taken all the way, frequent stoppages to give them rest and food are necessary: nor is the traveller sorry to stretch his legs and ramble through the peasants' houses. We were then in a wholly different country—a country of steep though not high hills, bright pastures interspersed with woods and frequent villages. It reminded us of the lower parts of the Yorkshire fells, or the outskirts of the Scottish highlands, with grass just as green, and a profusion, even in August, of ferns and wild-flowers. The roads were almost covered with gaily-dressed peasants wending their way to church or market; some in waggons like our own, but the greater number in long processions, thirty or forty strong, which moved slowly along in loose array, generally preceded by a priest or two with attendants carrying banners. Many of them were singing; and the sound of the hymns rising through the still air, and often heard before the companies came in sight, lent an additional charm to the scene. Towards noon we rattled into the market-place of the town, where our driver meant to take his mid-day halt. It is called Myslenica—a straggling place of perhaps 2,000 souls, built, like all Polish villages, round a big, irregular, open space, which seems the larger because the houses are so low. The whole population of the district seemed to have poured in. The large church was crowded to suffocation; and in the walled enclosure which surrounded it hundreds were sitting on the grass, the men on one side, the women and children on another, waiting till their turn should come to enter; some praying or reading their books of devotion, and all perfectly still and silent. Such a picture of devotion we had never seen; and I doubt if even Ireland is so profoundly and earnestly

Catholic as Galicia. The shrines and crosses along the roads are more numerous than anywhere else in Europe—certainly more so than in Spain, France, or even Tyrol—and nobody passes the smallest of them without taking off his hat. It was pleasant to notice how well these simple peasants were dressed, how happy and cheerful they looked. Though their houses are rough enough, they are not squalid; there is a general air of primitive comfort. The impression of melancholy one gets in Krakow is not felt in the country parts of Galicia, where the peasantry are as well off as they have ever been, and far better than in the not very distant days of serfdom. Now they have fixity of tenure and immunity from forced labour. Politics they never knew or cared about, for all the Polish risings were the work of the nobles and the townsfolk. Even in Russian Poland the peasants took but little part in the last two struggles; and, as everybody knows, they were sometimes actually hostile to the insurgents. They are a good-looking people, these Galicians, the men tall and well made; the women with plenty of colour and fine eyes, though the hard toil of the field soon tells upon them; and their looks are set off by a picturesque costume, gaily striped petticoats, and bright red or blue handkerchiefs tied over the head. We wondered to see no Jewish faces, and fancied there might be none; but, stumbling upon a school full of Jewish boys, perceived that here, too, the Jewish element was present, though of course it did not figure in the crowd of churchgoers.

The road southward from Myslenica ran through a country of higher hills and narrower dales, following the course of a rapid mountain stream till at last it began to mount, and after a long, slow ascent brought us about four o'clock to the top of a ridge nearly three thousand feet above the sea, from which the main range of the Polish Alps—or, to call them by their proper name, the Tatra—revealed itself in all its grandeur. Some twenty miles off, as the crow flies, beyond lower hills and a wide valley, rose a line of steep rocky peaks, their lower slopes covered with dense forest, their upper zone flecked with patches of snow, and showing against the sky a crest of jagged rock-teeth, which now and then towered up into some great pinnacle. This mass is the Tatra, which we had come so many hundred miles to explore. Even less eager mountaineers might have rejoiced at such a tempting prospect of glens, crags, arêtes, and soaring summits, everything, in fact, except glaciers. There are lakes too, and plenty of them—lakes of exquisitely bright colours, lying under the shadow of great granite precipices; but these do not appear in a distant view, so deeply sunk are they in the upper hollows of the vales. Following the mountain line to the west, we saw it decline into mountains still of considerable height, but far less rocky and savage in their character than the mass in front, which trended away as far as the eye could follow. Eastward there were clouds, and we could make out nothing.

From this "specular mount" we descended over many lesser ridges, which the road climbed straight up and down, into the valley of the

river Dunajec, and long after dark reached the town of Nowy Targ (New Market). Though one pair of horses had done over fifty miles in the day, and climbed many thousands of feet in these tremendous hills, they had a good trot left in them at the last, and wanted no whipping. Like nearly all the inns in Poland, the inn at Newmarket is kept by a Jew. Good it was not, but the wonder rather is that in such an out-of-the-way place there should be a passable inn at all. It was certainly better than one would have found in a town of the same size in Russia, of which we were reminded when, on being asked for tea, they brought an enormous brazen urn, the well-known Russian samovar.

Newmarket is a good sample of the Polish country town. It has a great, open, ragged-looking space in the middle, called the Rynek, where rubbish is thrown, and waggons stand, and booths are set up. Round this stand houses of one or two stories high, built of brick and white-washed, mostly taverns and general stores kept by Jews, as one could tell from the names over them, which are usually German and refer in some way to the precious metals—Goldenberg, Silbermann, Goldhammer, and so forth. All the other houses in the place were of wood, and many of them little better than shanties, built quite irregularly outside the square, and rambling off into the country. We were not sorry to leave such an uninteresting place, where even the church, a big, ugly modern building, had nothing to show, and to press on to the mountains that rose like a wall to the south. The way leads over a stretch of level land, cultivated in long narrow strips, which are separated by neither wall nor hedge nor fence, and belong, as far as we could make out, to the peasants who hold them on a sort of communal system, having the pastures in common and these patches in severalty. The commonest crops are oats, rye, hemp, flax, buckwheat, beetroot, and potatoes. An odd result of the absence of fences is that when a cow or sheep is turned out to graze on a bit of grass land, it has to be watched to keep it from browsing on the crops. So every here and there you see a man or a boy holding the end of a rope to which is fastened a grazing cow—pretty strong evidence that wages must be low and labour plentiful in a land where a man's time is of no more value than a cow's feeding. Up here the population seems as large as in the country round Krakow, but the villages are rougher. All the houses are of unhewn logs, with the interstices stuffed with moss or mud. Even in a large hamlet, they are not built in regular lanes, but stand all nohow, each dwelling having its hay-house and its cow-house beside it, and sometimes a tiny garden, two or three yards of ground wattled in with a rowan bush, a tansy and a poppy growing inside. The people are better looking than round Krakow, but the men handsomer than the women. The former have good bold features, and especially well-formed noses; the women have little to attract except a freshness of colour and a simple frank expression. As one usually finds among hard-worked rustics, the children are prettier than their elders. Both hair and eyes are oftener light than dark. Everybody wears a white or grey woollen

coat or tunic, and over it a short sleeveless sheepskin jacket; it is rare to see the big sheepskin overall in which the Russian peasant passes his whole life. Many were the questions we longed to ask as to the circumstances of peasant life; but unluckily we were quite cut off from communication not only with the villagers, but even with our driver, who knew not a word of German or of anything but his native Polish. He was a strange wild creature, tall, stalwart, and handsome, with bold features, dark hair hanging in long locks round his cheeks, and an expression like that of a startled fawn. Not that I have ever seen a startled fawn; however, his expression was just that which the startled fawn is supposed to wear. Like a true child of nature, he could not be got to comprehend that we did not understand his Polish; and whenever we motioned to him to stop or go on, or pointed to the hay and made signs that we wanted it shaken up again to make a comfortable seat, he went off in a flood of words, and, when he saw, after explaining everything, that no impression had been made, gazed at us more wildly than ever out of his fine eyes, tossed his head with a kind of sigh, shook his reins, and called to the horses, which, at any rate, understood him. It is odd how hard it is for any but the most civilised people to realise that what is so easy to them as speaking their own language, should be impossible to others. The last trace of the phenomenon may be found in the disposition a man has to raise his voice in talking his own tongue to a native, which one remarks so often in the English or American tourist on the Continent. He cannot rid himself of the notion that it is the hearing ear and not the understanding mind that is at fault. This poor driver of ours was withal a sensitive creature. One of us had, while filling a pipe, given him some tobacco, and, liking it better than his own, he every time thereafter held out his pipe to us for a further supply. When this had gone on all day, another of the party, getting tired of it, demurred to the repeated request. The Pole's face darkened; he turned away in high dudgeon; and we had to press tobacco on him for ten minutes before he would be appeased and accept it.

After driving four or five hours from Newmarket over the nearly level floor of the valley, we came in the afternoon to the foot of the hills and the edge of the great pine-forest that clothes them. Turning up a narrow road, black with cinders, which led through the pines, we entered a glen, passed several iron forges, and came at no great distance to the little village of Zakopane, where our journey ended, and which, as the tourist's best head-quarters in the Polish Alps, merits a more particular description.

Zakopane is the general name of a village or commune, which consists of several hamlets lying scattered over a large area, and resorted to for the mineral springs which rise out of the limestone rock. The best placed of these, and the one to which we had therefore come, is called the Ironwork, or sometimes the Hammer. It stands near the mouth

of a glen, some five or six miles long, which runs due north from the axis of the range dividing Galicia from Hungary. On each side are steep mountains, covered below with forest, and at the top breaking into picturesque crags of limestone. Down the middle runs a foaming stream of exquisitely clear green water, and behind, at the head of the valley, great peaks rise up against the brilliant southern sky. The hamlet consists of a row of iron forges, with some cabins for the workers beside them; a miniature bathing-house; an inn, a few primitive lodging-houses, and the residence of the Prussian baron who has lately bought this property, and is now working the forges. His Schloss, as it is somewhat grandly called, is a large villa cottage, more like an Indian bungalow than a castle, with a pleasant flower-garden in front, which the baron, who is a genial, active, practical man, throws open to the use of the visitors. He lives here himself all the summer months, makes the acquaintance of travellers, and has done a good deal for the neighbourhood in more ways than one. Capital is sorely wanted in Galicia; and, unpopular though the Germans generally are among their Slavonic neighbours, a Berlin capitalist who spends money in local improvements, and is a good fellow to boot, does not fail to be appreciated.

The inn is the centre of this odd little backwoods settlement. It is a one-storied building of stone, and, indeed, of very solid stone, standing on a high bank above the river, whose babble mingles with the thud of the forge-hammers all night long. The bed-rooms, six or eight in number, are all but absolutely bare of furniture; and the public one, where people "meal" (as the Americans say), and smoke, and talk, and play cards all the evening, is about sixteen feet square, and therefore a trifle small for the whole visiting population of the place, which resorts to it for dinner and gossip every evening. For a wonder, it is not kept by a Jew. The landlord, a whimsical old fellow with blue spectacles, of which one glass was twice as blue as the other, was never tired of telling us that he was a Pole and no Jew, and dilating on the consequent superiority of his house to the Israelitish establishments in the other hamlets of Zakopane. He flitted about in zig-zags like a dragon-fly, buzzing away in his talk, and continually summoning the overworked waiter to do this or that for the lordships from Berlin. (Any German-speaking stranger is put down to Berlin; and as we had not ourselves started the notion, so neither did we feel called on to destroy it.) One of us mildly hinted a hope that the beds were clean. "Clean!" he screamed; "do you take me for a Jew? I cannot so much as endure a flea; no, not a flea: a single flea has before now driven me mad and kept me awake all night. Hasn't it driven me mad, quite mad?" apostrophising the scurrying waiter and the maid in the adjoining kitchen. Notwithstanding which assurance, some of the party had anything but good nights under this Christian roof.

Towards sunset the guests, some of whom were bathing in the cold-water establishment, while others had merely come for an autumn holi-

day, used to gather from the little boxes in which they sleep to the dining-room of the inn; and here eating and talking and cards went on through half the night. Most of the visitors are Poles, either from Galicia or Russian Poland; a few Russians, a few more Germans from Silesia or the Baltic provinces of Russia. Nearly every educated Pole talks some German, so the Western traveller is not ill off for conversation. We had, however, more talk with the Germans, and amused ourselves by getting at their views of Polish men and things. I asked one of them, who had lived both in Hungary and Poland, and who, among other pieces of information, told me that the Hungarian language was Semitic, and greatly resembled Hebrew, how he liked the two nations. "I don't take to the Magyars much," he answered; "they are hard to get on with, thinking so highly of themselves and their country; but I like the Poles still less. It is a false people, a treacherous people, a people you cannot trust." It amused us to remember that this is the one reproach which every nation, whatever else it says, is sure to bring against its neighbours. The Romans talked of *fides Punica*; the French talk of *perfidie Albion*; the Turks say "he lies like a Persian;" the Germans seldom speak of their dealings with Frenchmen or Italians without a sneer at "Welsh falsehood" (*Wälsche Untreue*). Each people, I suppose, does not understand how the mind of its neighbours works, and can account for the discrepancy between the sense in which it understands a promise and the way in which the promise is interpreted or performed by the other party only by supposing intentional fraud. Or is it that men are really so much less scrupulous in dealing with foreign nations or individual foreigners than with their own country folk?

Society might grow monotonous to a Berliner or an Englishman in this little community; for, after all, one soon exhausts the topics of conversation with people of another country. But fortunately there are plenty of charming excursions close by, and the glen itself is so pretty that even to stroll round the village is a pleasure in fine weather. Fine weather is essential, for the sitting-room is so small, and the bed-rooms so damp—rain dripping through most of the ceilings—that the greatest lover of solitude and the picturesque could not hold out long against continued rain. It would be tedious to describe the drives and the more numerous walks which may be taken from this central spot; but a general idea may be given of the sort of scenery. The main axis of the mountains runs nearly east and west, and forms the boundary between Galicia and Poland. From it there are thrown off a number of spurs or transverse ridges, running generally north, and separated by deep, narrow glens of from four to eight miles in length, opening out into that wide valley plain which I have already described. The glens and the hillsides for a considerable height are clothed with thick pine-woods. Above the pines are stretches of bright green pasture; and, highest of all, picturesque crags of limestone rise from these pastures into peaks some 6,000 or 7,000 feet above sea level. As the whole country lies high—Zakopane

itself in the valley is over 3,000 feet above the sea—these heights are not great enough to make the scenery very imposing. But nothing can in its way be more beautiful. The white cliffs contrast finely with the dark green woods; the valleys are made vocal by rushing foaming brooks; the woods themselves are full of a lovely undergrowth of ferns and shrubs; and here and there, where some great mural precipice towers over the upper basin of a valley, the landscape rises to grandeur. It is a lovable sort of country—a country not on too vast a scale to be enjoyed in an easy fashion. The summits are not too lofty or too distant to be scaled in an afternoon by an active climber; the glens not too long to be thoroughly explored by a lady. Any one with something of an eye for country, and Professor Kolbenheyer's capital little handbook in his pocket, needs no guide. There are chamois among the rocks (though there are also game-laws to protect them), trout in the streams, and plenty of scarce plants. The botanist who clambers among the cliffs, will find places difficult enough to test his head and the toughness of his fingers. One glen deserves a few words of special mention. It is the Strazyska dale, running parallel to the dale of Zakopane, and only some three miles west from the Ironwork village. You follow a path along the northern foot of the hills, and turn south up this narrow glen, where a rough track winds along the bank of the stream, crossing and recrossing it by stepping-stones. Soon the dell grows narrower, till there is only room for stream and path. A long row of towers of white rock, forty to sixty feet high, rise on the right out of the dense wood, while opposite the hillside rises so steeply that the pines can but just hold on to it. Still farther up the vale widens, and a soft slope of rich green pasture appears, with three or four chalets standing upon it, where cheese is made during the summer, and the cowherds live. Through the forest which encircles this glade one sees waterfalls flashing out; and behind, closing in the glen, is a mighty wall of rock, its smooth grey front coloured by streaks of blue and black, where some tiny rill trickles out from a crevice or drips along the face. You halt for milk or whey, which the friendly herdsmen have usually at hand, and may then climb to the top of the precipice by a circuitous path and enjoy a noble prospect over the plains of Poland and Hungary. Or you turn eastward over an easy col which divides this glen from the next, and return down it, through scenery scarcely less lovely, mossy woods, and miniature cliffs draped with tufts of *edelweiss*, to your humble quarters at Zakopane. It is not exciting, like a great snow expedition in the Alps or Pyrenees; but it is hardly less beautiful; and the quiet sylvan solitude of these mountains gives them a charm of their own, a distinctive sentiment which is wanting where one is oppressed by the proximity of tremendous peaks.

This is the character of the country immediately round Zakopane, which I have described first because it is the best centre—indeed, almost the only spot from which the Polish Alps can be comfortably explored,

But a little farther to the east—in fact, as soon as one crosses a low pass into the next valley—it changes completely. For here one leaves the limestone hills, and comes upon the far more stern and thrilling scenery of the central mass of granite. The simplest way in which I can give some idea of this region is by describing an expedition which we made from Zakopane to the summit of the principal, indeed almost the only, pass over the main chain from Hungary into Poland, and which goes by the name of the Polnischer Kamm. It is a two days' walk; one day over the Zavrát pass to the Fish Lake (Halas tó); and another from the Fish Lake to Schmeks, the great watering-place of Northern Hungary. We set out from Zakopane at eight o'clock on a threatening morning in August. It was no easy matter to get off; for at the last moment one of the guides, or rather porters, who had been engaged for us, demanded exactly twice the regulation pay; and we were obliged to replace him, since it would never have done to break through the tariff which the local authorities have established. That tariff is certainly low enough, according to Swiss notions, being $1\frac{1}{2}$ gulden (less than three shillings) per diem. When this difficulty had been settled, another arose. The landlady presented a bill three folio pages long, written in very cramped and undecipherable German handwriting—a bill which by dint of enumerating everything supplied to us during two days, down to sheets for the beds (charged separately from the rooms and the beds), and mustard at dinner, brought out so absurdly large a total that we could not in common fairness pay it. It was provoking to find that even primitive Zakopane is not wholly unspoiled, and that the rule, the less you get the more you pay, holds true here as elsewhere. A party of Polish gentlemen, including the Rector of the University of Krakow, had started an hour before us; but our quicker English pace brought us abreast of them by the time that we got into the next valley, where a general halt was called to drink milk at a cluster of huts. One usually finds a chalet or two in every glen; but far fewer than in the Alps, and never at such great elevations. While the lowlands of Galicia are fully as populous as France or South Germany, the mountain districts are much less so. One may travel for miles up the bottom of a glen without meeting a soul; indeed, there are no villages at all fairly within the mountain region; they all lie just outside, where the valleys open into the plain. Perhaps the reason is that there is so much less pasture land, the ground that is not covered with forest being mostly steep and rocky. From the chalets we turned off the track up the glen to visit a little lake which is notable as being the only one in the district whose waters have a light green tint. All the rest are either dark green or dark blue. It lay about two miles off at the foot of the magnificent granite peak of Swinnica, one of the highest and boldest of the whole group (7,574 feet above the sea). Unfortunately, the clouds were so thick that no colour was discernible: the lake was simply murky, like all its brethren. Regaining the main path and mounting another glen through a wilderness of loose rocks, we

came to the Czarny Staw, or Black Lake, a large sheet of water which lies in a deep hollow surrounded by magnificent black precipices, their tops riven into fantastic teeth of rock, miniature aiguilles, most of which looked hopelessly inaccessible. Indeed, it was hard to say how any exit could be found from the amphitheatre of crags, so steep were the acclivities towards the south, where our route lay. Clambering up a gully, and passing several little fields of snow, we emerged on a second and higher hollow, in whose centre lay another but much smaller lake, half of which was covered with a sheet of ice, and on whose margin we discovered quite a garden of scarce Alpine plants studding the patches of herbage where a tiny rill descended from the melting snows. From this it was a stiff pull of an hour, first upon solid rock and then over loose stones lying at a high angle, up to the crest of the Zavrát pass, which we reached soon after noon. Here we were greeted by a blast of wind so violent that we could not sit on the top, but had to crouch down behind and peer over. The crest is a positive knife edge—you may almost anywhere sit astride of it—and this is the rule all through the granite mountains; it is one of their most striking features.

We were now immediately below the noble peak of Swinnica, whose central position gives it one of the finest views in the whole Tatra. But after mounting some three hundred feet, the wind, coming with thick showers, blew with such force that it was impossible to keep one's feet, and even to return to the rest of the party at the col was not easy. There would indeed have been little use in going on, for the mist allowed nothing to be seen. Below us lay a profound valley, full of cloud, through which a bare dreary lake surrounded by loose masses of rock could just be discerned, and beyond the lake another lofty ridge, the frontier of Hungary. A more lamentable landscape could not be imagined: and at this moment the showers settled into a fierce pelting rain, which drove us down into the valley in the hope of shelter behind some of the vast blocks which strew its floor. It was rather an object not to get drenched; for we had no change of clothes, and one of the party was far from well. Huddling behind the blocks while the rain was heaviest, and running on ahead when it abated, we gradually made our way down this valley, which bears the name (I forbear to give the Polish) of the Valley of Five Lakes, and reached the biggest of the five, which in any other weather would have been beautiful, and even now had a certain dismal majesty about it. At its lower end the stream which it discharges from it thunders down a precipice in two magnificent leaps, making a fall that would be fine anywhere, but which was specially striking from the dazzling purity of the water. Even finer than the cascade was the view. Beyond the deep glen into which the river plunged, rose a savage ridge—the Zavrát, from which the pass we had crossed takes its name—its top showing a long sky line of serrated crags and spires, its face seamed with gullies, and clothed, where not too steep for vegetation, with dense masses of dwarf pine, whose dark green gave an indescribably

THE POLISH ALPS.

sombre hue to the scene. One even grander view, however, still awaited us. Leaving the main valley, and keeping along the mountain side till the path began to turn again southwards towards Hungary (for all this time we had been still in Poland, on the north side of the main ridge), we came, about six in the evening, to a point from which a new landscape opened before us. Standing at a height of about 5,000 feet, we saw immediately beneath us, towards the south-east, a valley full of deep black pine-forest. Its upper end is filled by a large and nearly circular lake, and above the lake towers a range of granite cliffs, worthy of the Alps or the Caucasus. At every point but one, they rise with terrible steepness from its still waters; and at that one point a sort of recess has been carved out of the mountain, in which there lies upon a shelf (so to speak) a second and smaller lake, girt in by precipices even more terrible. It is a perfect cirque, rivalling the cirque at Gavarni, or that other in the bosom of the Sorapis, behind Cortina d'Ampezzo, which lovers of the Dolomite mountains know so well. Indeed, it is in one respect grander than either of these more famous spots. For in both of them the rocks are limestone, while here the solid strength of the granite gives a wilder, grimmer, more majestic character to the scene. The weather, from which we had suffered so much during the day, was now all that could have been desired. A huge blue-black cloud stood up into heaven behind the great peaks, and threw over them, and the abyss in which the lakes lay, a more than common gloom. One wandering mass of mist had got caught between the main precipice and a noble aiguille that projects from it; and made this bastion of rock stand out much as the Aiguille de Dru hangs over the Mer de Glace. Here there was no ice, only patches of snow in the hollows of the crags. But the contrast of woods below and savage rock above was sufficient, and the glassy surface of the lake was beautiful as any ice-field.

In admiring the blue-black cloud we had forgotten what it was laden with. Suddenly the rain came down heavier than ever, and we were wet through before, descending swiftly through the woods, we could reach our night's quarters on the banks of the lake. The Galician Tatra-Union, one of the numerous Alpine clubs which have sprung up on the Continent during the last fifteen years, has erected a wooden hut to afford shelter to travellers in this the central and most striking point of the Polish mountain land. The society's funds being limited, the hut is small and rude, and the man who takes charge of it has seldom anything but eggs, bread, and rum to place before his visitors. We found that the best room, itself a poor one, had been bespoken for the Krakow party, which we had thrice passed on the way; they, like most Continental walkers, moving scarcely half as fast as Englishmen naturally do. But any shelter was welcome on such a night and in such a lonely hungry spot; and as one of our guides, who could speak a little German, told us that he had brought a young English lady and her father here two years before, when the hut-keeper was away, and no food to be had, and that

she had enjoyed it, we could in no case have dared to murmur. Fortunately, our knapsacks contained some excellent tea, and we were able to return the kindness of two Polish tourists, whom we found already installed, by exchanging a share of our strong brew for their sugar and cold mutton. Soon the Rectorial party arrived, and occupied, to the number of eight, the inner room, while we and the Poles stretched ourselves on the floor of the outer one, wrapped in plaids which had been kept passably dry, and sought to make the room and ourselves cheerful with rum toddy and fragrant smoke. There were some guides, porters, and miscellaneous people about, so the tiny hut must have covered more than twenty people that night. The Poles, who had been astonished to hear that we were English—what should bring Englishmen here?—plied us with questions about politics. England has again become an object of interest to the quidnuncs, and, of course, all Polish ideas and feelings begin and end with hatred of Russia. They were specially curious about the British Prime Minister, whose nationality and literary antecedents distinguish him in their eyes from all other European statesmen. We indicated an unfavourable opinion. "But is he not, then, a great man?" they asked. One of the party gave a still more vigorous expression to his view of the Premier's character. "Ach! you are Gladstonists," they replied; "that is why you don't like him." Then we told them that, of course, all Englishmen loved Poland, even the party which had always refused her a good word and a helping hand in past days, and presently we went to sleep in amity.

The lake, which the Poles call Rybie Staw and the Hungarians Halas tó (both names mean Fish Lake), is one of the largest in the Tatra, though it is really rather a tarn, being no bigger than Grasmere. The smaller one, lying on the shelf above, is Tengerszem (Polish, Morskióko; German, Meerauge), meaning the Eye of the Sea, from an odd fancy which the people have that it communicates with the ocean. You are gravely told by the peasants that, when the air is calm, waves rise on its surface, a phenomenon which must be caused by there being at that moment a storm raging in the Atlantic or the Baltic. I can only account for such a whimsical notion (which is entertained as regards some of the other Tatra lakes) by supposing that it is due to the depth of the lake, which the people believe to be bottomless, and that it comes down from a time when the world was supposed to float on as well as in the circumambient ocean. Homer says somewhere that all rivers and springs and long water-courses issue from deep-flowing Ocean; and this local belief may be a last trace of the oldest cosmogonies.

Next morning, a bright but nipping morning, after a plunge into the clear keen waters of Halas tó—to the amazement of the other travellers, who could not imagine why, when the air was so cold already, we should seek an even colder element—we set off to cross the main chain into Hungary. The first part of the way is through a valley of wild and wonderful loveliness. It is richly wooded, with sunny glades of pasture scattered here and there among the pines and birches, and the bright

river flashing out from between the trees in long runs of foam and pools of quivering green. On each side inaccessible rock-walls soar into the sky; and now and then, up some deep gully, one catches sight of a snow-field hidden far up under the highest tops. The outskirts of the Alps have nothing more beautiful. And indeed there is nothing in the Alps quite like this. For there the granite mountains lie in the middle of the chain, starting up from among glaciers and snow-fields. Here the aiguilles rise immediately out of pasture and forest. It is rather as if one should combine a foreground from the Bavarian Alps, with their exquisite woods and lawns, with a background of Norwegian rock. At one place we had to cross the river, and found the wooden bridge gone. The guides seized their axes—in this country every one carries an axe—and hewed down two trees long enough to span the stream, which they made firm by felling a third and laying it across the end, and so we safely crossed.

Out of these soft landscapes we mounted at length into the upper rock-land. Every valley in the Tatra has several successive floors or stages; each nearly level, and each separated from that above it by a steep ascent. In the highest floor of this glen lies a lakelet, the Frozen Lake, of singular beauty. All round are bare rocks, bearing neither a shrub nor a blade of grass. It is a scene of utter desolation, with no colour save the grey or black of the mouldering granite. But the surface of the lake itself is covered by countless bergs and ice-floes, and among them the water sparkles with a blue brighter than that of the sky above. The sound of waterfalls comes faintly up out of the glen below; the scream of the eagle from the crags, the shrill piping of the marmots close at hand, are heard in the stillness; white clouds sail through the air, and when a breeze stirs the lake, the tiny icebergs kiss one another and then float softly away. Just above this Frozen Lake the path climbs to the summit of the pass. It is a steep and rugged path, not dangerous, except from the risk of stones rolled down from above, but so difficult that we did not wonder at our guides' admiration for the spirit of the young English lady who had followed them across it "like a chamois." The top of the Polnischer Kamm ("comb" is a good name for these narrow crests), 7,208 feet above the sea, is a mere edge; and from it, standing with one foot in Hungary and the other in Galicia, and close under the loftiest and most savage of all the Tatra summits, you look through noble portals of rock far away into the lowland of both countries. It is but four hours' descent to Schmeka, the capital of the Hungarian Switzerland. But Schmeka, that quaint little oasis in the forest, with its own circle of lakes and valleys and excursions, its pleasant primitive ways, its baths and balls and politics—is a place of too much consequence in Hungarian eyes to be dealt with at the end of an article.

At the Convent Gate.

WISTARIA blossoms trail and full
Above the length of barrier wall;
And softly, now and then,
The shy, staid-breasted doves will flit
From roof to gateway-top, and sit
And watch the ways of men.

The gate's ajar. If one might peep!
Ah, what a haunt of rest and sleep
The shadowy garden seems!
And note how dimly to and fro
The grave, grey-hooded Sisters go,
Like figures seen in dreams.

Look, there is one that tells her beads;
And yonder one apart that reads
A tiny missal's page;
And see, beside the well, the two
That, kneeling, strive to lure anew
The magpie to its cage!

Not beautiful—not all! But each
With that mild grace, outlying speech,
Which comes of even blood;—
The Veil unseen that women wear
With heart-whole thought, and quiet care,
And hope of higher good.

"A placid life—a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of Wife!
What gentler task (I said)—
What worthier—e'en your arts among—
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread!"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes She,
Who (closelier clinging) turns with me
To face the road again:
—And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves', for she prefers
To "watch the ways of men."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

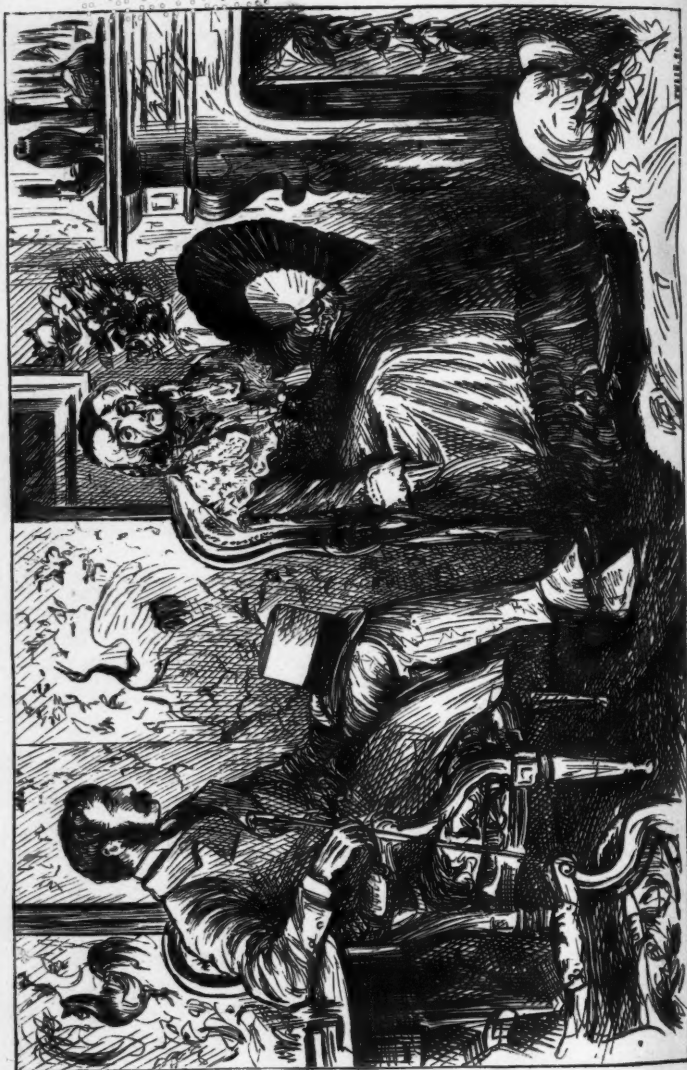


"A placid life—a peaceful life!
What need to these the name of Wife!
What gentler task (I said)—
What worthier—e'en your arts among—
Than tend the sick, and teach the young,
And give the hungry bread!"

"No worthier task!" re-echoes She,
Who (closelier clinging) turns with me
To face the road again:
—And yet, in that warm heart of hers,
She means the doves', for she prefers
To "watch the ways of men."

AUSTIN DOBSON.





MR. BARRISTOP FAILS TO MAKE A FAVORABLE IMPRESSION.

whom
was I
was s
mentio
povert
establi
suppor
was as
these,
frowni
been a
not o
often c
gone r
office-s
Charle
vo

Mademoiselle de Mersac.

CHAPTER III.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS.



It was the Duchess's custom to speak plaintively of the necessity she felt herself to be under of mixing in Algerian society. "A crowd of colonists, of small officials, of officers *en retraite* and their wives—judge whether I find the conversation of these people amusing!" she would sigh sometimes to her intimates. But in truth she greatly enjoyed patronising the good folks of

whom she spoke so slightly, and was happier on Monday (which was her reception-day) than on any other day of the seven. Nor was she wholly dependent for companionship upon the three above-mentioned classes. A few Legitimist families—offshoots, more or less poverty-stricken, of the great houses whose names they bore—had established themselves in the neighbourhood of Algiers; and of their support in the fatiguing task of entertaining her inferiors the Duchess was as sure as she was of their affection and reverence. Surrounded by these, the old lady held her little weekly court, and dispensed smiles and frowns with all the judicious tact of a reigning sovereign. There had been a time when the favourable notice of the Duchesse de Breuil was not only a passport into the highest circles of the Parisian world, but often carried with it more substantial advantages; but those days were gone and well-nigh forgotten, like the ministers, the great ladies, the office-seekers, and the toadies who had played their little parts under Charles X., and had long since been replaced by other sets of actors who

knew them not nor cared for them. Now, in her old age, it pleased the Duchess to think that some remnant of power still clung to her, were it only that of leading the most exclusive set in a colony.

If some of the younger and more fashionable Algerian ladies laughed at her a little behind her back, we may be sure that they controlled their features and were mighty respectful in her presence; for, after all, a duchess of the old nobility is a duchess, be she never so antiquated and overlooked; and as Madame de Breuil's door was not by any means open to all comers, such of the officials of the Second Empire as she chose to receive seldom missed an opportunity of paying their respects to her, and looked upon her recognition of them as in some sort a brevet of rank.

Monday afternoons, therefore, usually saw a sufficiency of equipages and pedestrians toiling up the hill to El-Biar, and the particular Monday afternoon with which we are concerned was no exception to the general rule. Shortly before four o'clock the visitors began to arrive, and soon the room was nearly filled by a somewhat heterogeneous assemblage. There were western Legitimist dames and sleek Imperial functionaries; a turbaned Moor and a dignitary of the Church; a Chasseur d'Afrique or two, resplendent in blue and silver and scarlet; and a sprinkling of foreigners domiciled temporarily in Algiers by the doctor's orders. A little posse of English ladies had walked up from the town to pay their respects, and displayed their stout walking-boots and short dresses in blissful unconsciousness that by presenting themselves in such a costume they were committing a solecism in good manners which nothing but a profound conviction of the utter barbarity of their nation could have induced the Duchess to pardon. These good people were soon passed on to Jeanne, who liked the English and spoke our language easily; the Duchess preferred that the place of honour beside her chair should be occupied by some more entertaining person. She enjoyed gossip, though she affected to despise it, and seldom failed to glean a large fund of amusement from her reception-day. She was probably the only person in the room who did; for visits of ceremony, which are dismal affairs enough, heaven knows, in this country, are ten times worse in France; and the Duchess chose that her receptions should maintain a character of the strictest formality.

The ladies, who were grouped in the vicinity of their hostess, seldom spoke unless she addressed them; their husbands, who sat in a band at a short distance off, accurately dressed in frock-coats and varnished boots, smoothed their chimney-pot hats and conversed together in an undertone; there was no laughter; no one was, or was intended to be, quite at his ease.

It was late in the afternoon, and a good many of the Duchess's friends had already effected their escape, when a lady was announced, at the sound of whose name all the matrons present assumed an aspect of extreme severity, while the Duchess herself became very rigid about the backbone as she rose slowly to receive her visitor.

"How do you do, Madame de Trémonville?" said she, extending a little, lifeless hand.

The new-comer, a young and very pretty woman, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, but in perfect taste, took the stiff five fingers thus proffered to her between both her own primrose-kidde palms, and pressed them affectionately.

"Charmed to see you looking so well, dear madame," she murmured, in a soft, caressing voice. "You grow younger—positively younger—every year."

"I am an old woman," answered the Duchess curtly; "but my health is tolerably good, thank God! For the rest, I did not ruin my constitution when I was young, like some people."

"Like me, *n'est-ce pas?* Alas! dear madame, what would you? There are some natures which require excitement, and there are others which are contented with mere existence. As for me, I must be amused. If I shorten my life, *ma foi!* so much the better: I could never endure to grow old and ugly. Ah, Madame de Vaublanc, a thousand pardons! I did not see you. Pray do not think of giving up your chair to me—well, if you insist, I will take your place beside our dear Duchess for a few minutes. She is a little deaf, you know."

And Madame de Trémonville sank into the arm-chair vacated by the grim old lady to whom she had addressed herself.

Now as the Duchess was not in the least deaf, as the chair at her side was never taken, even by her most intimate friends, except by invitation, and as its late occupant had never for a moment entertained any notion of ceding it, it will be perceived that Madame de Trémonville was a lady of considerable assurance and *aplomb*. She sank, not ungracefully, into the vacant place, and bent forward towards the Duchess in such a manner as almost to turn her back upon the rest of the company.

"And when," she asked, after having monopolised the attention of her hostess during a good five minutes, to the immense disgust of the old ladies, who sat grimly and silently surveying her, "and when may we hope for the return of our little Marquis?"

"It is of my godson that you speak, madame? We expect him to-day," answered the Duchess in her iciest tone.

"*A la bonne heure!* He will bring us news from Paris—ah! just heaven, how I wish I were back there!—yes; he will have news to tell us; and he is very *naïf* and amusing, your little Marquis. He used to honour my poor house with his company tolerably often before he went away. You know that I have the pretension to make him into a good Buonapartist."

At the calm effrontery of this speech a thrill of horror pervaded the entire room, starting with Madame de Vaublanc, and ending with little M. Moineau, who was sitting alone near the door rubbing his nose with his gold-headed cane, and who shuddered from head to foot when the words, which were spoken rather loudly, as if in sheer bravado, reached

his ear. He was himself a staunch adherent of the established government—by whose favour, indeed, he held the small appointment to which he was indebted for his daily bread—but he would no more have dared to allude to his political opinions in the presence of Madame la Duchesse than to mention the Comte de Chambord before his own chief.

The Duchess, however, showed no sign of anger, but merely replied with a slight, disdainful smile: "I fear you have imposed upon yourself a difficult task, madame."

In truth the old lady did not think her antagonist worth powder and shot, and honestly believed that Madame de Trémonville belonged to a class so infinitely beneath her own as to preclude even the possibility of an encounter between them. The woman was very impertinent, certainly, but so are the *gamins* in the streets; there is a kind of impertinence which cannot rise to the level of an affront.

But Madame de Vaublanc probably took a less lofty view of her station, for she hastened to accept the challenge which the Duchess had ignored.

"It seems to me, madame," said she, in her thin, acid voice, that you might well leave M. le Marquis in peace. If all that I hear is true, your house is frequented from morning to night and from night to morning by every officer in Algiers; one young man more or less can scarcely signify to you."

"Oh, madame, you flatter me!" answered Madame de Trémonville, turning round, with a pleasant smile, to face her assailant. "It is true that some of these gentlemen are kind enough to come, from time to time, and try to preserve me from dying of *ennui* in this horrible place; but every officer in Algiers—oh, no! my little villa has neither accommodation nor attractions enough for so large a society. Your friends have exaggerated to you, dear Madame de Vaublanc. Besides, you conceive that one must have a little variety. I have the greatest possible admiration for our brave army, but I do not desire to live in a world inhabited only by soldiers. M. de Mersac, who, I assure you, honours me by his visits entirely of his own free will, amuses me sometimes, and you would not be so cruel as to wish to deprive me of any amusement I can get in this deplorable country."

"If you do not like Algiers, why do you stay here, madame?" cried Madame de Vaublanc. "M. de Trémonville, at least, has some reasons, I suppose, for finding it advisable to remain where he is."

"If so, he has not communicated them to me," returned Madame de Trémonville, with a slight shrug of her shoulders. "As for the miserable little salary which he receives from his appointment here, you will easily believe that that can scarcely influence him. He accepted it, in the first instance, out of regard for my health, and he has continued to hold it—heaven knows why! I daresay we shall go away soon. In the meantime, one endeavours to be as cheerful as one can. Why do you never join our little *réunions*, dear madame? Come without ceremony any

Thursday evening; we shall be enchanted to see you; you will be the life of our party."

At this audacious proposition Madame de Vaublanc nearly choked with anger. Madame de Trémonville was young, pretty, and had not the best of reputations. Shocking stories were told of her extravagance, of her card-parties, of her flirtations. (There is no French word for flirtation, and Madame de Vaublanc qualified the lady's conduct by a less ambiguous term.) She had an indomitable courage, a perfect command of herself, and a complexion as beautiful as the best rouge and blanc-de-perles could make it; whereas the poor old Vaublanc was ugly, wrinkled, irreproachable, and cross, and turned of a dusky-red colour when she was angered. The combat was an unequal one, and the elder lady hastened to retire from it.

"Allow me, at least, to choose my own friends, madame," she muttered, drumming with her foot on the floor.

"*Plait-il?*" murmured Madame de Trémonville softly, turning open eyes of innocent wonder upon the silent company.

The ungrateful old Duchess laughed, and several of the gentlemen put their hands over their mouths, and stroked their moustaches reflectively.

Nobody was very fond of Madame de Vaublanc, who, like many other virtuous people, was apt to be a little hard upon the pleasant vices of her neighbours; and some of those who had suffered from her strictures upon their conduct were not ill-pleased to see her thus publicly discomfited, although her assailant was an Imperialist, a woman of no family, and one who was only admitted upon sufferance into their coterie. Even so, when certain statesmen are attacked in Parliament, and wince under the lash, those who sit behind them may sometimes watch with perfect equanimity the tribulation of their leaders, and even quietly chuckle over the same. An occasional touch of the rod is wholesome discipline for an over-proud spirit.

Madame de Trémonville knew better than to linger too long upon the scene of her small victory. In a very few minutes she got up, took a cordial farewell of the Duchess, and swept gracefully down the room, bowing as she went to several of the company, who had risen to let her pass. Jeanne held the door open for her.

"Adieu, mademoiselle," she said, with a fascinating smile; "*bien des choses à monsieur votre frère.*"

Whereat Jeanne bowed gravely, but vouchsafed no reply.

A torrent of shrill ejaculations followed the audacious lady's exit. "What a woman!"—"What insolence!"—"What an impossible costume! And did you remark that she was rouged up to her eyes?"—"Decidedly one must renounce the idea of receiving these people if they know so little how to conduct themselves."—"To say that M. le Marquis was in the habit of visiting her—has one ever heard such impertinence! Naturally there could be no truth in what she said."—"Oh, madame

one does not give oneself the trouble to contradict falsehoods so transparent!"—"Ah, dear Madame de Vaublanc, you did well to put her back in her proper place!"

In the midst of this indignant chorus Fanchette's withered face was thrust through the half-open door. She beckoned stealthily to Jeanne, who got up at once, and slipped unnoticed out of the room.

"Well?" she said eagerly, as soon as she had joined the old nurse in the hall.

"Well—he has arrived; he is waiting for you in the dining-room. Come here that I arrange your hair; you have lost half-a-dozen hair-pins."

But Jeanne, waving the old woman off, passed quickly into the dining-room, and closed the door behind her.

A tall young man was standing, with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the window and whistling softly. He whisked round at the noise of Jeanne's entrance, and showed a handsome, oval, beardless face, which broke into smiles as he embraced his sister.

"You good old Jeanne!" he cried. "I knew you would not be long in coming after you had heard of my arrival. And how are you? And what have you been doing with yourself all these weeks? I shall make it a habit to go away oftener, that I may the oftener have the pleasure of seeing your dear old face again. You may believe me or not as you like, but it is infinitely the most beautiful face I ever saw, alive or painted."

Jeanne laughed and sighed in a breath. "How long will you think that, I wonder?" she said.

"As long as I live," replied the young man with conviction. "I flatter myself I am not a bad judge, and I assure you that there is not a woman in the world to compare with you. I am not alone in my opinion either, let me tell you."

"I don't care what other people think of me," she answered quickly. "If you love me better than any one else, that is all I want."

"You are glad to have me back, then?"

"Glad!"—Jeanne threw an emphasis into the word which ought to have satisfied her hearer. She clung to him, and kissed him again and again, with a vehemence which, Frenchman as he was, disconcerted him a little. He reddened slightly, and laughed as he gently disengaged himself.

"One would think you meant to stifle me," he said. "What would your friends in the drawing-room say, if they could see you? They would hardly recognise the statuesque Mademoiselle de Mersac."

"I am not Mademoiselle de Mersac to you; I am Jeanne, who is quite another person. Jeanne has many defects, which are not apparent in Mademoiselle de Mersac—that of inquisitiveness amongst others. Come and sit down in the arm-chair, and tell me all about England and the *famille* Ashley."

Léon seated himself. "The *famille* Ashley," said he, with a shrug of his shoulders, "resembles all other English families; and as for their country, I left it without any desire to see it again. All that one has read of the climate of that island is not in the least exaggerated—quite the contrary. During the whole time that I was at my uncle's house we saw the sun twice, and even then you could hardly have distinguished him from the moon."

"It is a bad time of the year to go to England, I suppose. But the people—what were they like?"

"Our relations you mean? *Ma foi!* it is not so easy to describe them; they are so very like all their compatriots. Figure to yourself a *bon papa anglais*, bold, rosy, stout; a mother of a family, badly dressed, rather untidy, always in a hurry; two young misses with pretty faces and fair hair, but with feet of a size that would make you shudder, and ill-fitting, one-buttoned gloves—there you have the party. The sons are away from home—in the army, in the navy—I know not where. They received me very kindly, these good people; but I did not amuse myself very well in their house. You know I have not your love for the English. I find them rude and brusque, and I do not understand the jokes at which they laugh so immoderately. I was very dull *chez mon oncle*. Twice we went to the *chasse au renard*, and they were so kind as to compliment me upon my riding; other days we shot pheasants, of which there is a great abundance in the neighbourhood; but, as my uncle has no *chasse* of his own, we could only do this by invitation, and there were several days on which I was left to be entertained by my aunt and cousins. Ah! *par exemple*, it was then that I wished myself back in Algiers. The misses are a little insipid: they visit the poor; they do a great deal of fancy-work; they drink tea half the afternoon; they have not much conversation. After dinner my uncle falls asleep and snores; I play a *partie* of billiards with the ladies; and then comes the evening prayer. I, as a Catholic, am invited to retire, if the ceremony offends my prejudices. I reply that I am not a bigot; and the ladies smile upon me. Then the servants make their entry—a formidable array. The butler and the housekeeper seat themselves upon chairs; but the others, to mark the inferiority of their position, I presume, carry in a long bench, and perch themselves uncomfortably upon it; some of them appear ill at ease, and breathe noisily. My uncle puts on his spectacles and reads a chapter hastily, stumbling over the long words. Generally one of the dogs barks, and the misses titter behind their hands. When we rise from our knees, everybody goes to bed, and I seek my room disconsolately, not being sleepy, and longing for tobacco. On the second night I take my courage in both hands, and ask permission to smoke a cigar somewhere. My uncle, who does not smoke himself, has no *fumoir* in his establishment; so I am led by the butler to a little dark room in the basement, where there are black-beetles. He gives me a candle and bids me good-night. It is not gay. There, my

sister, you have life at Holmhurst. One day resembles another, as the clothes, the habits, the pleasures of one Englishman resemble those of another. It is a country of monotony, and there is nothing the average Englishman dreads so much as being different from his neighbours. Here and there, no doubt, there are exceptions; and it was my good fortune to come across such a one in the person of a certain Mr. Barrington, a neighbour of the Ashleys, who, I must admit, has all the good qualities of his nation without its faults. He has travelled a great deal; he speaks very good French; he is without insular prejudices; he is a rider, a shot, a dancer, an artist—in short everything that he does he does admirably. I owe it to him that I did not perish of *ennui* at that terrible Holmhurst. He is a man altogether *hors ligne*."

"You are as enthusiastic as ever, Léon," remarked Jeanne, smiling. "You can praise no one by halves."

"Oh, as for that, everybody joins in praising Mr. Barrington! They rave about him in his province; and as he has a nice little property of his own and has no near relations, I leave you to guess whether the young ladies of the neighbourhood look upon him with favourable eyes. I think even that the eldest of the Ashleys misses would willingly consent to make his happiness. But he has assured me that he means to remain a bachelor for the present; he is not the man to marry *la première venue*."

"It seems that he appreciates his own value—your friend."

"Not at all; he is the most modest man in the world. For the rest, you will probably see him to-morrow, and will be able to judge for yourself."

"What? Is he here then?" asked Jeanne, in some surprise.

Léon nodded. "He generally goes abroad for a month or two at this time of the year; and as he had never been in Algeria, I easily persuaded him to accompany me home. I am sure he will please you—even you, who detest all men. *Tenez*, he has this advantage, Mr. Barrington—that, being a heretic, the Duchess cannot wish you to marry him."

"Certainly that is a point in his favour," observed Jeanne gravely. "And where have you left this paragon?"

"At the Hôtel d'Orient. It was there that I met Saint-Luc; and I thought it a good opportunity to introduce him to Mr. Barrington, who might have found it a little dull, having no friends in the place."

"So that was the reason of your staying to breakfast with M. de Saint-Luc? And I was so unjust as to blame you for not coming home immediately," said Jeanne, with much contrition. "I might have known that you would not remain away for your own pleasure."

Léon laughed a little uneasily. He was very young, and had an intermittent conscience, which asserted itself now and then—not always at the most appropriate times.

"I wanted to see Saint-Luc on my own account, also," he confessed; "I had a note from him, while I was away, about the grey horse which he

wished to buy of me ; and I have the pleasure to announce to you that I have now disposed of that valuable animal on very favourable terms."

"The grey is a little gone in both fore-legs ; M. de Saint-Luc knows that very well," said Jeanne quickly.

"That has not prevented him from giving me his little brown ponies in exchange for him," replied Léon, with modest triumph. "It is not a bad bargain, is it ? Saint-Luc told me you had driven them once, and were delighted with them."

"You cannot dispose of the grey upon those terms," said Jeanne decisively. "M. de Saint-Luc must be perfectly well aware that the grey is not worth as much as one of his ponies."

"That may or may not be ; but it was he who suggested the exchange."

"Naturally ; I never imagined that you would have proposed anything so absurd. The affair is not difficult to understand. M. de Saint-Luc has probably his reasons for wishing to be agreeable to you, and therefore he offers you his ponies at less than half their proper price. It is the purest impertinence."

"It is a pleasant form of impertinence at least," returned Léon, laughing. "*Parbleu !* I wish a few other people would take it into their heads to be impertinent in the same way."

"You do not understand," said Jeanne, in great vexation. "Do you not see that M. de Saint-Luc is making you a present ?"

"No, I don't," answered Léon ; "I don't see it at all. A horse is not like a measure of oats or corn ; you can't put a definite price upon him and say, 'That is his real actual value in the market.' Saint-Luc has taken a fancy to the grey, and is determined to have him. I may think this or that about the horse, and you say he is weak in his fore-legs—an opinion which may possibly be a mistaken one ; but Saint-Luc has had plenty of opportunities of judging for himself as to that. If a man offers me a certain price for a certain article, am I bound to tell him that, in my idea, he is bidding too highly ? Believe me, my dear Jeanne, in this wicked world every man looks after his own interests ; and as for what you say about the giving of presents, I never yet heard of an instance of a present being given in the way you suggest. People who give presents like to be thanked for them, I can assure you ; and——"

"Madame la Duchesse sends to inform M. le Marquis that she awaits him in the salon," said a servant, putting in his head at this juncture ; and so the remainder of Léon's harangue upon the way of the world remained unspoken.

The truth was, that the young man attributed to his own acuteness the unquestionable fact that he had concluded an excellent bargain ; and was, consequently, neither more nor less pleased with himself than the generality of his elders would have been in a similar case.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. BARRINGTON.

MR. BARRINGTON, making his way leisurely up the steep streets of the Arab town on the day following that of his arrival in Algiers, and observing, with eyes appreciative of colour and outline, a hundred perfect little pictures of Oriental life as he went, marvelled greatly that it had never occurred to him before to visit so charming a city. Mr. Barrington was an amateur artist, and therefore, of course, even more prone to the discovery of picturesque effects than a professional wielder of the brush and maul-stick. The high white houses that rose on either side of the narrow street—windowless generally, or at most with but a small grated aperture or two close under the overhanging roof; the projecting wooden buttresses that flung long blue shadows upon the whitewash; the broad glossy-leaved bananas and sombre cypresses that reared their heads, here and there, above the walls, suggesting visions of cool courtyards and luxurious Eastern interiors to the artistic mind; the tiny shops—mere recesses in the wall—whose owners sat cross-legged smoking their long pipes, in apparently absolute indifference to the sale of their wares—all these were to him novel and delightful sights. Overhead, the strip of sky was of a deep melting blue; the sun caught the upper part of the houses, but left the basements in deep shadow; before him the street trended upwards in broad shallow steps, down which all sorts of queerly-costumed figures came to meet him. Now it was a grave, majestic Moor, his burnous thrown over his shoulder and displaying his gay-coloured jacket and ample nether garments; now a grey-bearded Jew shrinking along close to the wall in the cat-like way peculiar to his race; now a Mauresque, enveloped in fold upon fold of white, her black eyes gleaming through her yashmak; now a stalwart negress in blue and white checked haik. Mr. Barrington surveyed them all with benevolent approbation. Indeed the habitual expression of this young man's features was one of good-humoured patronage. The world had always treated him so well that the least he could do was to smile back upon it; and from his childhood he had had so much of his own way, and rough places had been made so smooth for him, that it was scarcely strange if he looked upon most men and things from an imaginary standpoint rather above than below them.

Left an orphan almost in his infancy, he had been brought up by a small junta of uncles and aunts who had done their best to spoil him, and who, to his mind, had very efficiently replaced the parents whom he could scarcely remember; and, upon attaining his majority, he had stepped into a comfortable property, together with a fortune not so large as to be embarrassing, yet large enough to make him what most people would consider a rich man. He was now about thirty years of age; and had

never known an ache or a pain, a care or a sorrow, worth speaking of, in his life. Without having any special title to beauty of feature, he was nevertheless pleasant to look upon, having big bones, well developed muscles, and perfect health. He was the incarnation of prosperity and contentment. Crossing-sweepers approached him with confidence, and when he took his place upon the magisterial bench the heart of the *poacher* rejoiced. As a good landlord, a good sportsman, a tolerable linguist, and a lover of the arts, he had claims upon the sympathies of various classes of society; and in fact few men could have enjoyed a larger acquaintance or a more widely-spread popularity than he. He made friends with everybody. He had made friends with Léon, he had made friends already with M. de Saint-Luc, and he was now on his way to call at the Campagne de Mersac and make friends with the young lady of whom he had received a description from her brother which had somewhat excited his curiosity. He had none of the shyness with which many Englishmen are afflicted, experience having taught him to look for a hearty welcome wherever he went; nor had he any disturbing doubts as to the nature of his reception in this particular instance.

Emerging from the tortuous streets of the Arab town, and passing through the Kasbah, or citadel, in which it culminates, to the open country beyond, he turned—not to take breath—he was too sound, wind and limb, to require any such respite—but to feast his eyes upon the glorious prospect that lay beneath him.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, "what a queer uneven business life is, and how few people ever get a chance of knowing the beauty of the world they live in! How I should like to turn a whole town-full of factory hands out here for a day or two!"

A drove of little donkeys, laden with sacks of earth, came pattering down the road behind him, their driver, clothed in ragged sackcloth, seated sideways very close to the tail of the last of them, and swinging his bronze legs while he urged on his charges with guttural cries.

"Now look at that fellow," moralised Barrington. "Thousands in London, not a bit worse off than he, are leading lives of the most utter and hopeless misery; and as for him, he looks as jolly as a sandboy—by Jove! he is a sandboy, or at least an earthboy, which I suppose is much the same—odd thing that! Yes, there you have the effect of air and sunshine. Well, one can't ship all St. Giles's over here; and perhaps Bushey Park would be more in their line, after all."

Consoled by this reflection he pulled out of his pocket the note-book which, like a man of method as he was, he always carried about him, and noted down: "*Mem.* Send cheque to Drudgett to give poor people a day in the country when warm weather comes."—Drudgett being a hard-working parson in an East London parish. After which he resumed his walk.

His charity was mostly of this kind. It did not cost him very much; but it was not, on that account, the less welcome, and it had earned him a

name for benevolence which extended beyond the limits of his own county.

Mr. Barrington, although he had mixed a good deal with foreigners, and prided himself upon nothing so much as his cosmopolitan character, had all an Englishman's dislike to asking his way. He therefore made several unnecessary circuits, and presented himself at the doors of two villas before he discovered the one of which he was in search.

"M. le Marquis was out," the servant said, who answered his ring; "but Madame la Duchesse was at home. Would monsieur give himself the trouble to enter?"

Monsieur consented willingly. He was always ready to make fresh acquaintances; and though he had not the remotest idea of who Madame la Duchesse might be, he was not at all reluctant to introduce himself to her.

"Presumably an elderly relative of our young friend," he thought, as he followed the servant across the hall, and heard himself announced as "M. de Barainton."

The Duchess, on her side, knew perfectly well who her visitor was, having heard all about him from Léon on the previous evening; but, for all that, it did not suit her to manifest any immediate recognition of the stranger's identity. She had always been a very punctilious person, even in the days of her supremacy in Paris, and was tenfold more so in these latter times, when there seemed to be occasional danger of her claims to veneration being ignored.

Nor was she over well pleased by the easy, unembarrassed manner in which Mr. Barrington introduced himself, explained the origin of his acquaintance with her godson, and, seating himself beside her, entered at once into conversation in free and fluent French. She had often complained of English *gaucherie*; but, at the bottom of her heart, she thought a little timidity on entering her presence not out of place in a young man. So, for once in his life, Mr. Barrington failed to make a favourable impression.

Some extracts from a rather lengthy epistle which he despatched a few days later to a friend in England may be appropriately inserted here.

"That old Duchesse de Breuil was a charming study; I never met with a more perfect type of a great lady of the *vieille roche*. She has a fine hook nose, and faded, sunken blue eyes; her hair is as white as snow—just as it ought to be; she wore a dress of stone-grey silk so rich, and at the same time so soft, that I would have asked her where she got it if I had not been afraid; and her withered old neck and wrists were half-concealed by clouds of old yellow Mechlin lace. I don't think very old people can ever be beautiful, looked upon as human beings; but they may undoubtedly be beautiful as pictures; and this dear old soul, sitting bolt upright in her arm-chair by the fire-place, holding up a huge black fan to shield her from the blaze, was quite a gem in her way. I could have sat and looked at her with perfect contentment for half an

hour; only the bother was one had to talk, and, for some reason or other, she didn't choose to exert her conversational powers. I was just beginning to feel rather bored, and was thinking about taking my leave, when the door opened and in walked—the goddess Minerva. Pallas-Athenè herself, I give you my word, in a brown holland gown—and oh! how I wished the fashions of this inartistic age had permitted her to wear her ancient costume of sleeveless tunic, peplus, helmet, and lance! Her modern name is Mademoiselle Jeanne de Mersac; and she held out her hand to me and began talking in a grave, condescending sort of way about England and her cousins the Ashleys, just as if she had been an ordinary mortal. Her voice is very soft and musical—rather deep for a woman; but that is no defect. I called her Pallas-Athenè because she is so tall and proud and cold; but she is not γλαυκῶπις: on the contrary, her eyes are large, brown, and soft, like Juno's, and she is as graceful as the Venus Anadyomene, and as free and stately in her gait as Diana the huntress. So you see she is altogether divine. There was a time when I must have fallen head over ears in love with her on the spot; but you and I, old man, have left that era behind us. *Militavi non sine gloria*. I have gone through a fair share of flirtations in my day, and have had one or two narrow shaves of matrimony; now I am grown tough with years about the region of the heart, and can worship beauty from a purely æsthetic point of view, and without *arrière pensée*. I am too old a bird to fall unwarily into the meshes of the fowler. Not that I mean to insinuate that Mademoiselle de Mersac is spreading a net for me, which will, I know, be the first idea to suggest itself to your coarse mind. Heaven forbid! I am blushing all over, as I write, at the bare thought of such profanity. Mademoiselle de Mersac has no need to angle for a husband. She might marry anybody, and has already refused many brilliant offers, giving it to be understood, I believe, that her intention is to remain unmarried in order that she may be the freer to give herself up to the care of her brother, who is a decent young fellow enough, but is all the better, I daresay, for having a protecting goddess to warn him off from occasional dangers, such as harpies, sirens, and so forth. It certainly seems possible that, being now come to years of discretion, he may soon find a sister's supervision superfluous, and it is also not unlikely that Mademoiselle Jeanne may eventually see fit to modify the programme she has laid down for herself; but in the meantime the spectacle of a woman who really does not want to get married is a novel and refreshing one. You, who go in for cynicism of a more or less shallow kind, and who think yourself clever for discovering a selfish motive at the root of all your neighbours' actions, should be the first to admit this.

"The picturesque old Duchess, who is worldly-wise and experienced, is racking her wits and breaking her heart in the effort to 'establish' Mademoiselle Jeanne; but as yet she has only succeeded in inspiring the young lady with a profound mistrust of, and prejudice against, all

members of the male sex. This, of course, you don't believe; but I can't help that. Mademoiselle is charitable and visits the poor, Arab and Christian alike; but her good deeds are mostly done *sub rostris*—just what I should have expected of her. She is kind and generous to poor, timid, or ugly people; but a little inclined to be haughty towards those with whom the world goes well—there again I recognise the character which I was sure from the first must go with so superb a physique. By the poor she is adored, but she is less popular among her equals. Few people understand her; some dislike her; but all admire her. There is a prevalent notion that when her brother marries she will take the veil.

"The greater part of this information I have gleaned from a certain Vicomte de Saint-Luc, who is staying in this hotel—a half-ruined Parisian of the new school, who gets his clothes from an English tailor, rides in steeple-chases at Vincennes, plays baccarat all night, and sleeps all day. You know the kind of man—or rather, on second thoughts, you probably don't; but I do, and it is not a type that I much admire. I suspect him of being somewhat *épris* of Mademoiselle, or her fortune—she has a fortune of her own, by-the-by—but I don't imagine he has much chance of success. He is going to sell me a horse; and I daresay he will try to get the better of me. I flatter myself he won't find that a particularly easy task.

"Well; after all I have said about this divine Mademoiselle de Mersac, you will understand, without my telling you, that I shall never be content till I have got her to sit to me. The question is, in what pose and surroundings to take her. In her garden there is a little fountain which splashes lazily into a marble basin where there are water-lilies. All round it are standard rose-trees; and for background you have a row of black cypresses, with the blue sky showing between and above them. I thought of painting her standing there, dressed all in white, with perhaps a pomegranate-blossom in her hair, and looking out upon you from the frame with her great, solemn eyes. But then, again, I don't know that I should not like her better half reclining on a low divan—there are several such in the de Mersac's drawing-room—with a panther-skin at her feet, and a hand-screen made of a palmetto-leaf in her hand. Over the back of the couch one would throw one of those Arab rugs that they make at Tlemcen, in which all the colours of the rainbow, and a great many more, meet, but never 'swear.' There would be a glimpse of sharp-pointed arches and clustered marble pillars for background; and the light would fall from above. But the fact is, that she would look well in any posture; and I can't imagine a situation that would be unbecoming to her.

"Of course I have not had the audacity to broach the subject yet; nor shall I, until we have become a good deal better acquainted than we are at present. However, as I am determined that the picture shall be painted, I haven't much doubt as to my ultimate success; and, indeed, Mademoiselle was very gracious to me—more so, I believe, than

she is to the generality of visitors. Saint-Luc says this is because I am not a possible suitor; and that if I had been a Frenchman she would not have troubled herself to address two words to me. I don't know how this may be; but, at all events, I think I may congratulate myself upon having made some advance towards intimacy in the course of my first interview. It was rather uphill work at starting; but I exerted all my powers to be amusing, and at length I succeeded in making her laugh a little, which was a great point gained. Even the old Duchess thawed when she found that I was acquainted with some of her friends in the Faubourg, and was good enough to entertain me with some long yarns about Talleyrand and Polignac and the Duchesse de Berri. Then young de Mersac came in and offered to drive me home; and so I took my leave. We rattled down to the town at no end of a pace—the way these Frenchmen drive down hill is a caution!—but we arrived without broken bones at the hotel, where we found M. de Saint-Luc; and presently my young friend and he went off to dine together somewhere. They were so kind as to invite me to join them; but as I heard something about baccarat, and as that is a game which I have played in Paris, *consule Planco*, and don't mean to play again, except perhaps in the company of sober folks like you, I excused myself, and dined at the *table-d'hôte*. We had green peas at dinner, and this morning they brought me bananas and strawberries, and the most delicious little mandarin oranges, with my breakfast. I am writing by my open window, and it is so hot that I have had to close the outside shutters. And the last thing you said to me before I left was, that you couldn't understand a fellow going out of England before the hunting was over! Gracious powers! aren't oranges, and bananas, and sunshine, and Mademoiselle de Mersac worth six weeks of indifferent hunting? I enjoy a good day's sport as much as anybody, but thank heaven! I can enjoy other things as well. Most men lose half the pleasures of life because they will select one pursuit and stick to it; it is the greatest mistake in the world. Now I——”

Here the letter proceeds to treat discursively of various topics, and ceases to have any bearing upon matters connected with the present history.

CHAPTER V.

M. DE SAINT-LUC.

CHARLES CASIMIR LOUIS, Vicomte de Saint-Luc, had, for more years than he cared accurately to reckon up, enjoyed a considerable amount of notoriety and admiration in the gay world of Paris. A member of the Jockey Club, a duellist of proved skill and intrepidity, a leader of cotillions in the most fashionable salons, a bold gamester, and an imperturbable loser, he seemed to have fulfilled all the conditions necessary to being considered a fine gentleman by the *habitués* of the society which he

frequented. Among the *ignoble vulgus*, too, which, in France even more than in England, is liable to be dazzled by profusion, glitter, and display, his name had become a familiar word; nor did his well-known colours ever fail to elicit applause at Longchamps, La Marche, or Vincennes, especially when, as was often the case, the noble owner was himself the wearer of them.

M. de Saint-Luc had begun life as a sub-lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, in which distinguished corps he had risen to the rank of captain before the death of his father, a quiet old gentleman, the greater part of whose life had been spent parsimoniously upon his estate in Normandy, placed him in command of a very respectable fortune.

The young Vicomte, to whom a vast supply of ready money was an altogether new and delightful sensation, immediately abandoned his military career, took a commodious flat in the Chaussée d'Antin, and set to work to enjoy life in Paris, where his handsome face, his lively manners, and his superb indifference to expenditure soon made him a prime favourite with both sexes. In a very short time he had achieved a reputation. A few duels, a cleverly-won race or two, and a suspicion of sundry *bonnes fortunes* sufficed to place him very near to the highest eminence of fame attainable by those who lived the life which he had adopted. All the opera-glasses in the house were brought to bear upon him when he lounged into his place at the *Italiens* or the *Français*; he could not walk a hundred yards from his door without becoming aware that the passers-by were nudging one another and whispering his name; the horrible little newspapers, which busy themselves with such subjects, chronicled his extravagances, and called upon their readers to admire his freaks; provincials gaped at him; fine ladies ogled him; he was envied by his inferiors, and emulated by his equals. At the time of the Exhibition of 1867, though at that time he was already a little past the zenith of his glory, he was pointed out to foreigners as a worthy representative of high life under the Second Empire. It was, perhaps, no great honour to be thus distinguished; but, such as it was, hundreds of Parisians would have given their ears to share it. As the times are, so will the men be; and the times just then were bad, in more ways than one. An idle Englishman, with a sufficiency of money in his pocket, may, and from the nature of his position probably will, succeed in leading a life which, if not profitable, is, at any rate, in a great measure healthy and manly, even if he have no higher object before him than pleasure; but the resources of a Frenchman, similarly situated, are far more restricted, and seldom extend beyond the walls of a town. To rise at mid-day, to dawdle through the afternoon in paying visits or driving in the Bois, to look in at the theatre or at a ball during the evening, and to devote the rest of the twenty-four hours to gambling, may not seem a specially inviting programme to look forward to for the remainder of a man's days; such, however, in so far as it is possible to indicate it here, was the mode of killing time chosen by M. de Saint-Luc and his friends, and

very few of them were ever heard to complain of it. Habit, which renders most things supportable—else, where could you find coal-miners, stokers, or dentists?—had so inured these gentlemen to their manner of life that most of them really believed their lot to be an enviable one.

To do the Vicomte justice, such was not his opinion. After three or four years of Parisian life, he became heartily sick of the whole business. He grew tired of astonishing people, and ceased to care in the least whether they were astonished or not. He wearied of the eternal mill-round of so-called pleasure, and longed to escape from it, without very well seeing his way to do so. In cards only he found some remnant of excitement; but then the cards were not always propitious, and, as his income dwindled, he began to think that they also were vanity. Wandering home forlornly, in the grey morning, with empty pockets, an aching head, grimy hands, and an utter distaste and disgust for the world, he not unfrequently asked himself whether it would not be best to put a pistol to his head, and have done with it. Generally he answered the question in the affirmative; but there he stopped. "One has always plenty of time to kill oneself," he would reflect as he tumbled into bed; and the next evening saw him seated before the card-table again as usual.

So time went on, and symptoms of crow's-feet began to manifest themselves about the corners of M. de Saint-Luc's eyes, and a grey hair or two cropped up about the region of his temples, and with each succeeding year his banker's book became a less agreeable study. How long he might have maintained his position in the front rank of Parisian society if his horse had come in first for the *Grand Prix* of 1869, it is impossible to say; but it was M. Lupin's *Glaneur* who won the race, and our poor Vicomte drove home, down the crowded Champs Elysées, with a face somewhat graver than usual, and an uncomfortable suspicion that he was very nearly ruined. He looked into his affairs with an ultimate result less discouraging than he had ventured to hope for. He found that, after paying all outstanding debts, and disposing of his stud and other superfluities, there would remain to him an income sufficient for moderate comfort, besides his château and estates in Normandy. This Norman château, which he had hitherto visited barely once a year during the shooting season, should henceforth, he determined, be his home. He had been one of the bright particular stars of the Parisian firmament, and preferred extinction to diminished shining as an indistinguishable member of the nebulae which had once surrounded him.

One fine day in the end of June, therefore, the Vicomte de Saint-Luc might have been seen taking his ticket at the station of Saint-Lazare, while his servant watched over a pile of luggage whose imposing dimensions sufficiently showed that its owner was bound upon no ordinary pleasure-trip. "*Adieu, Paris; adieu, nos beaux jours!*" muttered the Vicomte, as he installed himself in a corner of the railway carriage.

In thus turning his back upon old associations, M. de Saint-Luc had,

as a matter of course, contemplated marriage as an essential part of his scheme for the future. He did not much want to be married; but that was not the question. To live in the country as a bachelor would be insupportable; besides, it was the recognised thing that a landed proprietor should marry after a certain age. He had heroically resolved to abandon pleasure in favour of dull respectability, and a wife and children were among the lesser evils which he anticipated from the change. But before he had been a day in the home of his fathers he perceived the impossibility of asking any lady to share it with him while in its present condition, and fully realised how necessary it was that the future Vicomtesse should have her share of this world's gear.

M. de Saint-Luc's château was situated, not in that sunshiny, apple-bearing, prosperous Normandy so familiar to English tourists, but in the less frequented and bleaker district which forms the north-western extremity of the province. With its steep roofs and its wrought-iron balconies, it was a sufficiently picturesque object in the landscape, and the woods which surrounded it looked doubly green, cool, and leafy by contrast with the heathy moorland which stretched away from them to the seaward. But then picturesqueness and comfort are so seldom allied! The house was cold, damp, and mildewed; it had been uninhabited, so far at least as its salons and best bedrooms were concerned, for many years, and the rats, the mice, and the moths had had it all their own way with the furniture. As for the domain, that was well enough in fine summer weather. The neglected garden, the moss-grown sundial, the broken statues, the marble balustrades stained with the rain and snow of many winters, the pond where the ancient carp were, the dense woods and the long grassy avenues that intersected them—all these had a peaceful, dignified repose not unpleasing to a jaded Parisian. There was a charm, too, in the healthy freedom of the moors, where a salt-laden wind always blew freshly, where you might gallop for leagues without injuring anybody's crops, and where a gentleman who had won steeple-chases in his time might indulge himself occasionally by popping over a stone wall. It was in this way that M. de Saint-Luc employed the greater portion of his days, his rides not unfrequently terminating at the neighbouring château of M. de Marcigny, whose charming wife—a lady of fashion, whom Saint-Luc had known ever since he had known fashionable society at all—had charged herself with the delicate task of finding a suitable mate for the reformed Vicomte.

He got through the summer satisfactorily enough, on the whole, though not without occasional hankerings after the flesh-pots of Egypt; but his heart began to sink with the fall of the leaf, and early in October his courage failed him altogether. For then the mighty south-west wind arose in his strength, and roaring in, day after day, from the Atlantic, with pelting rain and driving mist, stripped the tossing boughs, whistled through the ill-fitting windows of the château, and finally sent the Vicomte to bed with such a cold and cough as he had never had before

in his life. The days were bad enough, but the nights were simply appalling. When the old woman who officiated as his housekeeper had brought him his *lait-de-poule*, and stolen away, after wishing him good night, Saint-Luc could not sleep for the awful and unaccountable noises that became audible in the deserted corridors. Such ghostly rustlings and moanings, such a weird, nameless stirring, reached his ears from the unoccupied rooms, that he was fain to slip out of bed and lock his door. Every now and again a gust of wind whirled away a loose slate from the roof with crash and clatter.

On the third day Saint-Luc got up and dressed himself, vowing that he could not and would not stand this any longer. He ordered his horse and galloped off, through the rain, to see Madame de Marcigny, whom he found packing up her trunks.

"What, madame, do you, too, desert us?" he exclaimed in dismay.

"We leave for Paris to-morrow," she answered: "I adore the country, but I detest bad weather; and I see by your face that you share my opinion. You know I always told you you would renounce your project of living in Normandy from January to December."

"You were right, madame, as you always are. I renounce everything—château, wife, respectability—all! I have the *mal du pays*. What the Ranz des Vaches is to the Swiss, and the *cornemuse* to the Scot, that is the asphalte of Paris to me. A whiff of it would bring the tears into my eyes. Only, as I have sworn never to live in Paris again, I think I will spend my winter at Nice. There, at last, I shall meet friends, I shall perhaps get rid of this cough which is shaking me to pieces, and I can finish ruining myself pleasantly at Monaco."

"If I were you, my friend," said Madame de Marcigny gravely, "I would remain away from Monaco."

"Your advice is excellent, madame," answered Saint-Luc, with a smile and a bow; "but, unhappily, I know myself too well to imagine that I shall have the fortitude to follow it. If I go to Nice, you may be sure that M. Blanc will profit by my residence in the South."

Madame de Marcigny considered.

"Then do not go to Nice," she said at length. "Go rather to Algiers. You will be at home there—you who have served in the Chasseurs d'Afrique and fought against Abd-el-Kader, you will find a charming climate and an agreeable society; and, what is best of all, you will make acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Mersac."

"And who is Mademoiselle de Mersac, if you please?"

"Well, I cannot tell you much about her, except that she is young, well provided for and exceptionally beautiful, and that she is the niece—or some other relation—of my old friend the Duchesse de Breuil, who is anxious to establish her, and to whom I will give you an introduction. It seems to me that she may be worth the trouble of a journey to Algeria."

Thus it came about that M. de Saint-Luc presented himself, one day,

at the Campagne de Mersac, and was received by the Duchess with the friendliness due to a gentleman of ancient lineage and a *protégé* of Madame de Marcigny. He was not disinclined to marry the young lady whose advantages had been enumerated to him as above recorded—or indeed, any young lady equally eligible; but he felt no enthusiasm or interest about her, and certainly had no suspicion of the influence that she was destined to exercise upon his future life. At what age, and after how much experience, dare a man consider himself superior to the absurd passion of love at first sight? Saint-Luc, whose amours had been so many that he had forgotten three-fourths of them, and who could no longer be called a young man, except by courtesy, might perhaps, without undue arrogance, have smiled at the notion that he could be assailed by any such malady; yet, after he had passed a quarter of an hour in the same room with Jeanne de Mersac and had exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with her, he returned to his hotel conscious of a singular inward change, and, at the end of a week, was fain to admit to himself, not without consternation, that, for the first time in his life, he was really in love. He was half happy, half vexed, at the discovery. It was not displeasing to him, as a man whose lease of existence, according to the Biblical standard, had already run into its second term, to find that some remnant of the freshness of youth still clung to him; but, on the other hand, it was a little ridiculous to lose one's heart to a beautiful face, like a raw boy from Saint-Cyr. Moreover, it is inconvenient to be in love with your wife. Great passions do not suit with domesticity; or so, at least, the Vicomte thought. However, whether for good or for evil, this strange thing had befallen him, and could not be striven against, so he lost no time in adopting what he believed to be the proper line of conduct in such circumstances. He went to the Duchess, announced his desire, and laid before her an estimate of his income as nearly correct as he could make it. He was met with a reply which somewhat staggered him.

"As far as I am concerned," the Duchess said, "I should be charmed if this alliance could be arranged; but, unhappily, the decision rests neither with me nor with the young Marquis, but with Jeanne herself. It is absurd, it is unreasonable, but it is so. My poor friend, the late Marquis, took it into his head to marry an Englishwoman, from whom he imbibed I know not what fantastic notions, which, among other results, have had that of causing me an immensity of annoyance and trouble." Here the Duchess expatiated at some length upon the inconvenience occasioned to her by Jeanne's independence of authority. "*Il vous faudra lui faire la cour, monsieur,*" she concluded, spreading out her hands and raising her shoulders. "It is a troublesome process if you will—I am not sure that it is even *convenable*; but it is the only way that I know of to gain her for your wife. Nothing that I can say will influence her in the least—that I can promise you; but you have my best wishes. You see I treat you with perfect frankness: if you think the prize is not worth the time and exertion it will cost you (and I warn

you in advance that you will have to expend a great deal of both, and also a large supply of patience) I shall not be astonished."

Saint-Luc answered, with a smile, that if nothing more than labour and patience were demanded of him, these should not be wanting on his part. He did not allow the Duchess to suppose that he entertained any warmer feeling for Mademoiselle de Mersac than that safe one of esteem which Frenchmen consider the surest basis of matrimonial felicity; but he secretly rejoiced in the prospect of winning so beautiful a bride by some more romantic method than that which had at first suggested itself to him, and perhaps thought the task would not prove so difficult a one as the old lady seemed to anticipate.

If he did deem success a probability he was not wholly inexcusable in so thinking. Fortune had smiled so persistently upon him in all his previous *affaires de cœur* that he was entitled, without inordinate vanity, to consider himself a favourite with the fair sex. Was it likely that he who had known how to please the great ladies of Paris would fail with an inexperienced girl whose life had been passed in remote Algeria? Of course, as a matter of fact, nothing was more likely—inexperienced girls being usually far more exacting than women of the world, and the qualities which find favour in the eyes of the latter class being seldom those which recommend themselves to the former; but this Saint-Luc did not know. His acquaintance with feminine nature was, indeed, far more restricted than he had supposed, and so he was fain to admit in the very initiation of his courtship. Advancing to the attack with easy confidence in his time-honoured system of tactics, he fell back, dismayed and bewildered, from the wall of icy impassibility behind which Jeanne entrenched herself. He had wit enough to perceive that his old weapons—compliments, killing glances, and small attentions—would be of little service to him here, but he did not see what efficient substitutes he could find for them. A passing remark of Jeanne's gave him a clue. Speaking of an old man whom everybody disliked, she said, "He is not perfect; but, for all that, I will allow no one to speak against him before me. He was kind to Léon once, and whoever does Léon a kindness does one to me." M. de Saint-Luc immediately resolved that he would cultivate Léon's acquaintance. It was not a happy inspiration. With the most innocent intentions in the world, he took to inviting the young man often to dine with him at his hotel; but the young man liked a game of cards, at the officers' club or elsewhere, after his dinner; and what could be more natural than that his entertainer should join in the amusement? So Léon generally got to bed at a much later hour than was good for one whose avocations necessitated early rising; and Jeanne, discovering, without difficulty, the manner in which her brother's evenings were spent, set down the poor Vicomte as a corrupter of youth. She made a few inquiries about M. de Saint-Luc, and learned enough of his past career to confirm her bad opinion of him. Never prone to conceal her likes and dislikes, she now began to treat her unlucky admirer with a mixture of

scorn and anger which must have disgusted him with her had he not been so very much in love. As it was, his passion was increased rather than diminished by Jeanne's harshness, though she often made him wince by her sharp speeches. She never lost an opportunity of snubbing him, and seemed to delight in causing him pain or humiliation; but he bore it all meekly enough, telling himself that by gentleness and perseverance he might conquer in the long run. Meanwhile he continued to be very civil to Léon, little supposing that by so doing he was injuring his own cause.

His chief object, indeed, in asking the young man to dinner was to have an excuse for talking about Jeanne—a subject upon which the latter was always ready to dilate with enthusiasm; but as for Léon, it is to be feared that baccarat and lansquenet, not Saint-Luc's society, were the attractions that led him, night after night, to the Hôtel d'Orient.

"Don't let us waste any more time out here," he said, one evening shortly after his return, when he had been dining with Saint-Luc as usual, and the pair were leaning over the parapet of the Boulevard de l'Impératrice, smoking their cigars in the moonlight. "Doncourt and Delamarre and the rest must have been expecting us this last half-hour."

It was a still, warm, cloudless night. The great white mosque in the Place du Gouvernement, the lighthouse at the end of the Mole, the silent ships in the harbour, and the gently heaving sea beyond, lay bathed in such a soft brilliant moonlight as we, in these northern latitudes, have no knowledge of. The broad boulevard was thronged with loungers, Jew, Turk, and Christian; and in one of the cafés down by the waterside somebody was singing to the tinkling accompaniment of a guitar.

"Let them expect us a little longer," answered Saint-Luc; "one can lose one's money any night of the year, but one cannot always have fine weather. Here comes your English friend; let us ask him what he thinks. Mr. Barrington, is it not better to sit out here doing nothing than to spend the night over a card-table in an atmosphere laden with the fumes of bad cigars?"

"A great deal better, I should say," replied Barrington, with a quick glance of distrust at Saint-Luc and of commiseration at Léon, which did not escape the notice of either of them. "Take my advice, de Mersac, and don't play for high stakes; it is very nearly as exciting to play for *sous*, if you only knew it. For my own part, I gave up loo and lansquenet, and such games, years ago."

"*M. Barrington a passé par là*," said Léon, with a laugh, which imperfectly concealed some natural annoyance at being lectured; "he has tasted all the forbidden pleasures, and found them worthless. As for me, I suppose I am not old enough or wise enough to give up cards."

"And I," remarked Saint-Luc, "am too old. Life has not so many amusements that I can afford to sacrifice one of them; unless, indeed, I could discover some equivalent," he added, with a half-sigh.

"Equivalent!" echoed Barrington, rather scornfully. "I don't know what your idea of an equivalent for gambling may be; but if you only look upon it as a means of making time pass, it ought not to be a hard matter to find some substitute for it."

"Everybody has not your talents, monsieur," returned Saint-Luc. "You have art to fall back upon, which I, unfortunately, have not."

"Oh, I don't pretend to any talent," said Barrington generously. "Anybody who is not colour-blind can learn to paint well enough to make an amusement for himself with a little study and perseverance; and, if he have no turn for drawing, he can easily take up something else. The world is full of pleasant occupations, if idle people would only take the trouble to look for them."

Saint-Luc did not dispute the accuracy of the statement. He smiled, lighted a second cigar, and puffed at it in silence for a few minutes; then, "Do you go to Madame de Trémonville's dance-to-morrow, Léon?" he asked.

"Undoubtedly; and you?"

"I hardly know; it will depend upon how I may feel disposed when the time comes. She wearies me, this Madame de Trémonville, whom you admire so much. Has she sent an invitation to Madame la Duchesse, and your sister?"

Léon laughed. "Madame de Trémonville does not want courage," he said, "but she has not yet had the audacity to ask the Duchess to one of her dances. I have been begged to bring Jeanne, though."

"And will she go?"

"Ah! that I can't say. She is a little capricious, as all women are, even the best of them," said Léon, who flattered himself that he had some acquaintance with this subject. "Will you accompany us, Mr. Barrington? It may amuse you to have a glimpse of our Algerian society."

"I don't know the lady," answered Barrington.

"Oh! that is of no consequence; she will be delighted to receive any friend of mine. Shall I ask her to send you a card?"

"Thank you. I should like very much to go, especially if I am to have the pleasure of meeting Mademoiselle de Mersac. She did not say anything about it this morning."

Saint-Luc stared. He had known Mademoiselle de Mersac much longer than this Englishman, but it had never occurred to him to take the liberty of calling upon her on any other day than that on which she was accustomed to receive visitors; still less would he have dreamt of entering her presence before three o'clock in the afternoon, at the earliest. He was fairly startled out of his good manners, and exclaimed, half involuntarily, "You were at El-Biar this morning, monsieur?"

Barrington saw his dismay, and rather enjoyed it. "I rode up after breakfast," he answered; "I wanted to try the horse you sold me."

"And I hope you found him satisfactory," said Saint-Luc, recovering himself.

Barrington would have liked to say that the horse was a little touched in the wind; but, not being quite sure of his French, had to smile and reply, "Perfectly."

"I am charmed to hear it. For the rest, I was sure you would be contented with him.—What is it, Léon? Ah, *mauvais sujet*! you are longing for the green cloth. As you will, then! Come, let us go and earn a headache for to-morrow morning. Monsieur will not be of the party! *Au revoir*, then."

And so the two gamesters strolled away.

"Do you know," said Léon, confidentially, as soon as they were out of earshot, "I am not sure that I like Mr. Barrington so well as I did at first. Sometimes I think he is a little too conceited and dictatorial."

"You say that because he gave you good advice," laughed the other good-humouredly. "Bah! he was right, *mon garçon*; high play leads to no good; and if my past gave me the right to offer advice to any one, I should back him up. Unhappily for you, you made the acquaintance of a worthless fellow when you met me. What would you have? it is too late to mend now. *Video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor.*"

And, having delivered this hackneyed quotation with a fine sonorous ring, the Vicomte linked his arm in that of his young friend, and led him through the open doors of the *Cercle*.

As for Barrington, he made his way back to the Hôtel d'Orient, and, happening to meet an acquaintance in the hall, took occasion to express his opinion of M. de Saint-Luc with perfect candour.

"A man who can find nothing better to do than to lead boys into mischief ought to be kicked," said he. "I don't know what name you have for that sort of fellow in French: in England we should call him a 'leg.'"

ring
little
d to
l be
are
and
the
it of
d at
ther
ls to
ne, I
ce of
too
roun
led
and,
rem
into
you
m s